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JANUARY, 1976

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(a lady reports)**

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A hard look at
Massage Parlors**

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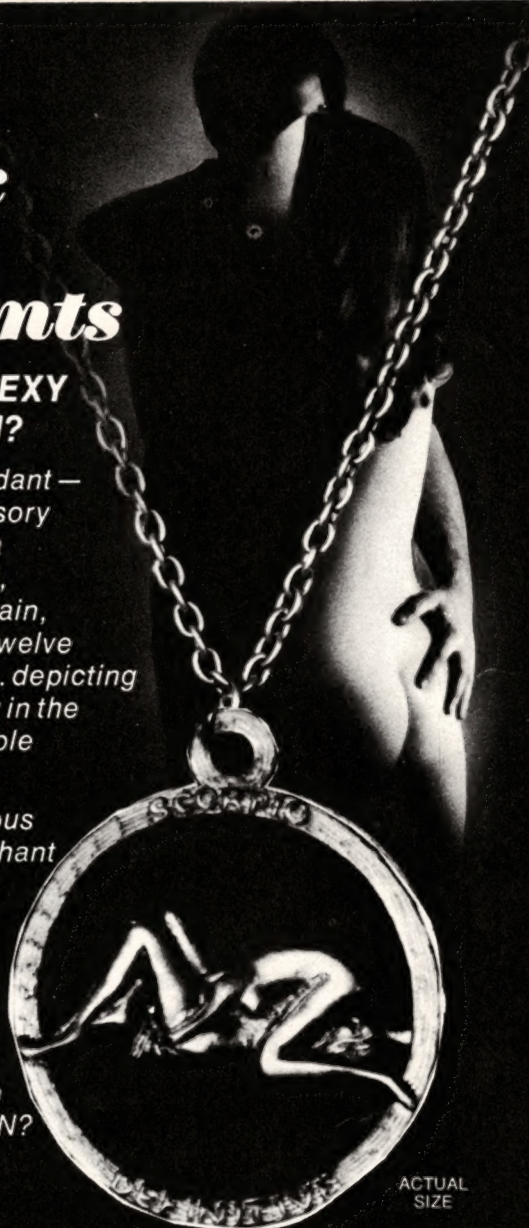
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ACTIVE



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Dec. 22-Jan. 19
AWARE



AQUARIUS
Jan. 20-Feb. 18
HUMANITARIAN



PISCES
Feb. 19-March 20
PROVIDER

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☐ GEMINI May 21-June 20
☐ CANCER June 21-July 20
☐ LEO July 21-Aug. 21
☐ VIRGO Aug. 22-Sept. 22
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DUDE

VOLUME 18, NUMBER 1

JANUARY, 1976

2	Here Comes The Bride / <i>Pictorial</i>
8	Surveillance / <i>Fiction by Agnew Geisenbaechler</i>
13	The Parlors / <i>Article by Stuart A. Olson</i>
17	Cover Charge / <i>Pictorial</i>
22	The Rapists / <i>Fiction by John Rubin and Walter Osterman</i>
24	Dick's Enlarger / <i>Pictorial</i>
28	Does Your Mother Know You're A Topless Dancer? / <i>Article by Gerry Loe</i>
32	That Certain Look / <i>Pictorial</i>
41	A Pizza Piece / <i>Fiction by Thorne Rose</i>
43	Gay Abandon / <i>A few laughs</i>
44	Howling Kitties / <i>Pictorial</i>
48	Guilty As Charged / <i>Article by Thomas Fensch</i>
53	Sexual Activist / <i>Pictorial</i>

Douglas Allen, *Publisher*
John Fox, *Editor*
John David Hawver, *Art Director*
Mike Krone, *Art Associate*

CREDITS: Front Cover, Galaxy International, Inc.; pp. 2-7, 17-21, 24-27, 32-39, 53-57, Galaxy International, Inc.; pp. 44-47, Hal McQueeney; pp. 48-51, Thomas Fensch.

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Unless you're one of the lucky couple, we think weddings are a bummer. You get all dressed up, sit through the ceremony, give the bride and groom a nice present, throw a handful of rice, and then go home to have a beer and a nap right when the real fun is about to begin. So, we thought it might be nice if we were able to look on at what happens after the public ceremony.

Here's a bird's-eye view of what the wedding song *really* means with the phrase, "here comes the bride . . . and here comes the groom!" Our amorous couple can hardly wait until they are alone to begin phase two . . . and they

HERE COMES THE BRIDE

soon discover that love isn't something you learn out of books.

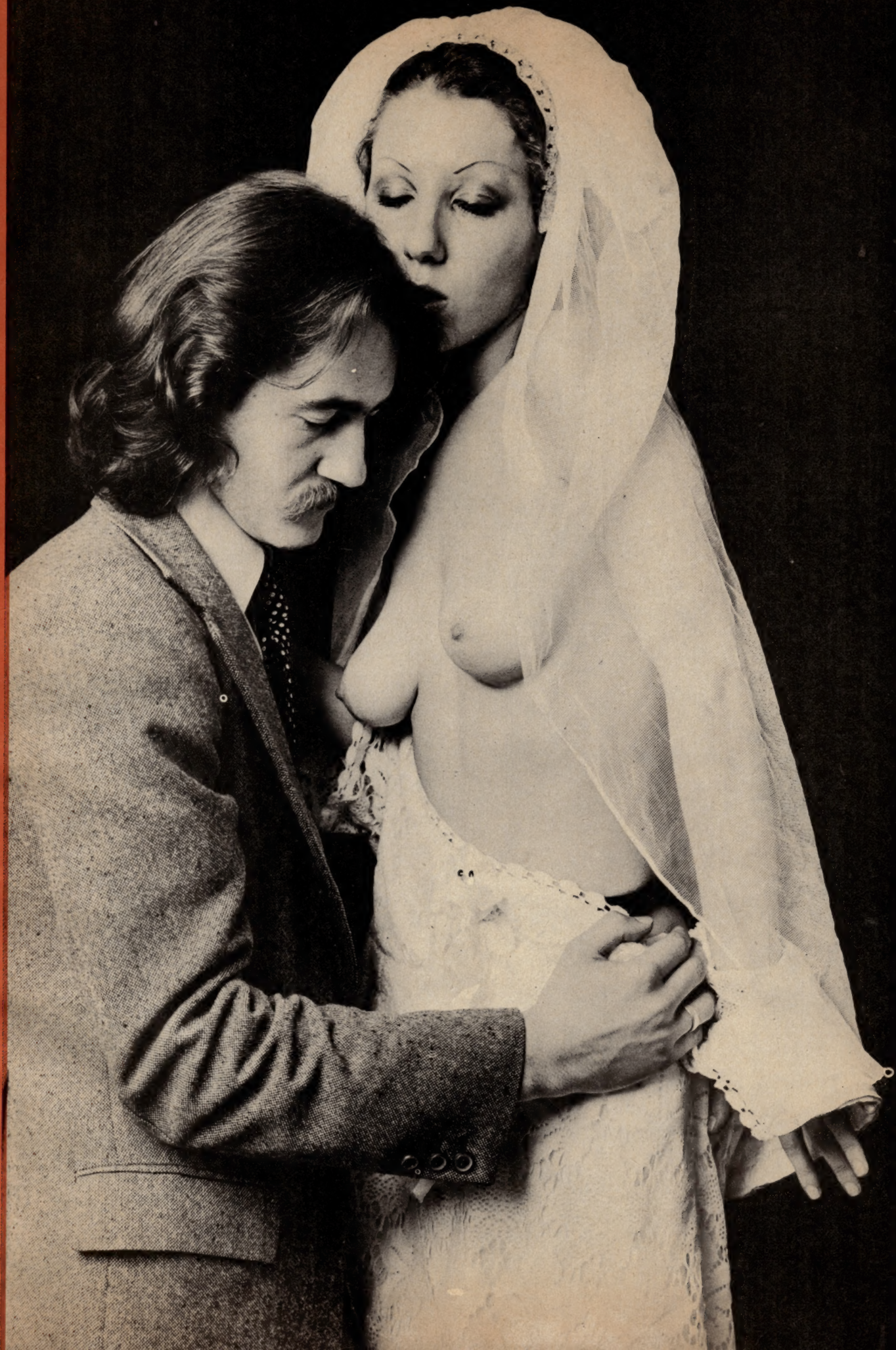
Doing what comes naturally . . . they share the joy of discovery.

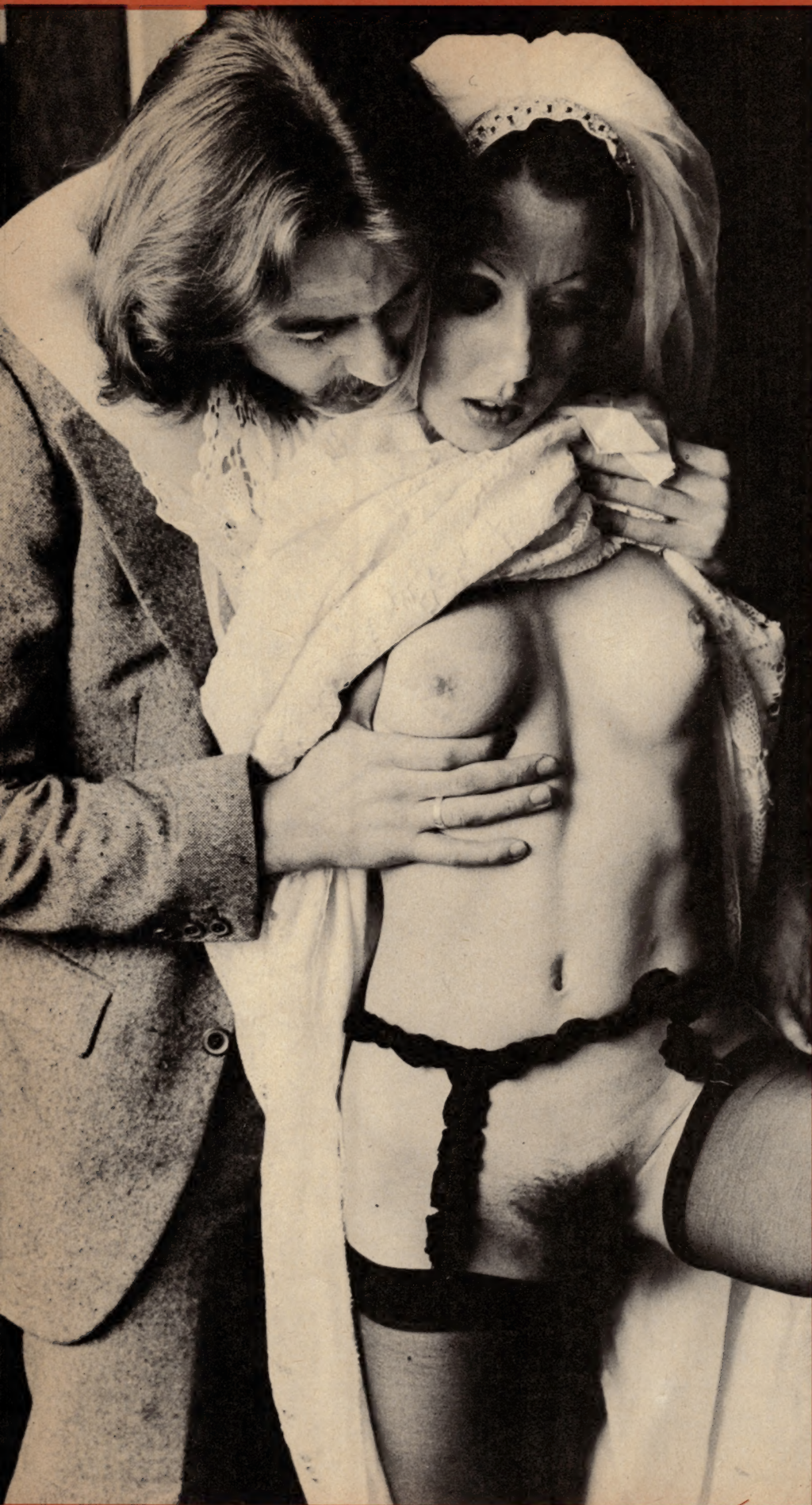
Our blushing bride soon finds herself eager to partake of the joys of being a wife, and tenderly, he shows her things to bring them both to the height of bliss.

Ah, yes. Love can be beautiful . . . even if you're an onlooker and not a participant.

As a matter of fact, we think a little voyeurism is a nice diversion now and then. And there's one

other thing to be said about just watching . . . you don't have to look your best.



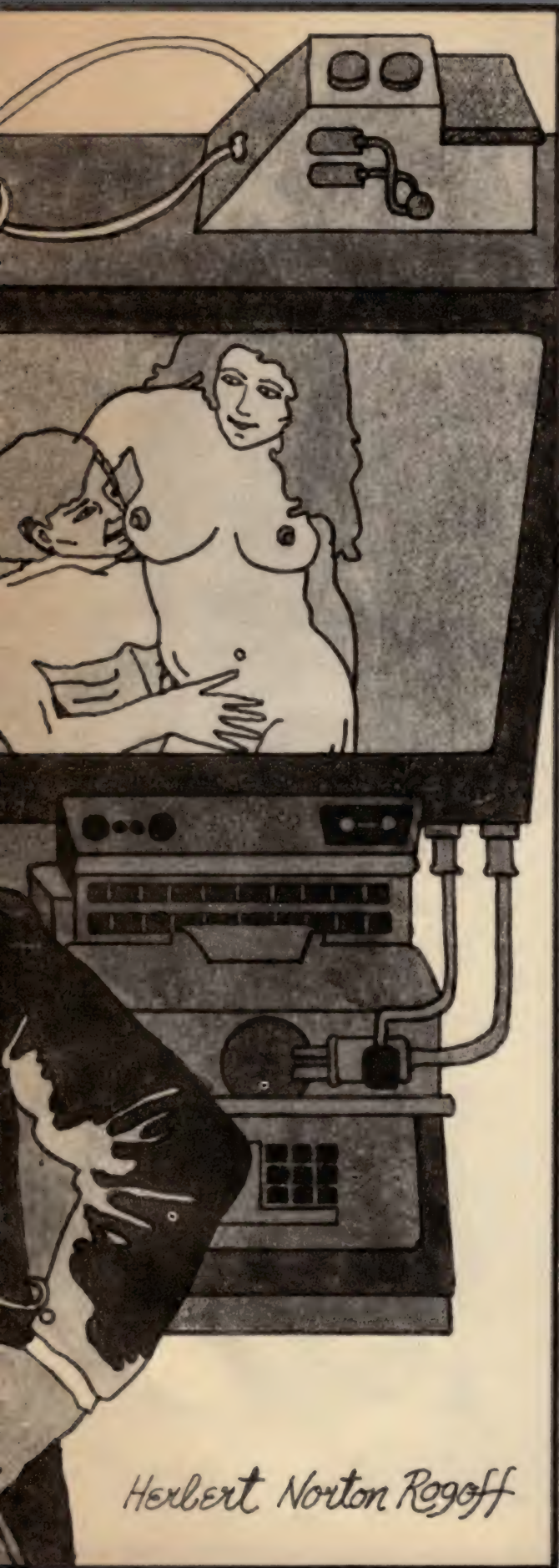












Surveillance

Something new from the
telephone company.

BY AGNEW GEISENBAECHLER

The friendly repairmen got every telephone in the country. The new mouthpieces were easy to install — just screw the old one off, screw the new one on. The perennial super sincere advertising explained the change. The mouthpieces had improved frequency response, it was said. Another bright facet of our constant efforts to provide better service to you, the customer. Indeed, voices did sound more natural.

The liquor store was nearly empty when Tom Schauer dialed into it. The manager was perched on a stool behind the counter watching the football game on a portable TV. The only customer was a tall young man in a denim jacket. He was studying the gin selection.

Tom adjusted the focus on the RHIP. Everything quiet here. His fingers hovered over the keys, ready to punch the next number on his station list. The young man turned. Tom hesitated.

The man sauntered over and plunked a half-pint on the counter. He looked around.

"That all?" the manager said, barely taking his eyes from the football action.

"That's not all," said the young man.

The manager blinked into the muzzle of the little nickel-plated revolver.

Tom Schauer was already jabbing out the police number on the telephone beside his console.

"This is Surveillance Central," Tom said. "There is a robbery in progress at, uh," he consulted his list, "Sam's Liquor Liner at 18th and Grand."

"Okay, S.C.," the dispatcher said, "we'll get right on it."

His duty done, Tom watched real-life drama unfold before him on the screen of the Remote Holographic Image Projector. It was his first time to witness a crime.

Denim jacket was experienced at his trade. He made the manager back away from the counter, then lie on the floor. He scooted over the counter. He pocketed the pistol from the drawer under the register. He emptied bills into a paper sack. He dodged around the counter and dashed for the door. He ran into the arms of two policemen.

Herbert Norton Rogoff

Tom flowed with pride and righteousness. It was another triumph for Surveillance. It was another nail in the coffin of the few malcontent company executives who still had doubts about the RHIP.

He input the next telephone number.

After a round of liquor and convenience stores Tom's station list said: "SDS Meeting. 936-2207. Record faces of attendees. Tape suspect conversation."

The room had no recognizable furniture. It was strewn with pillows and people. The walls were covered with posters. The people were well dressed. There was only slightly more hair than one might see on a cross section of the general public.

An intense plump woman in a caftan was saying something about the necessity of developing a power base among blue collar workers.

Tom manipulated the controls of the projector. The holographic sensors on the mouthpiece could form an image from practically any angle in the room where the telephone was located. Tom moved the image from person to person, pushing his "Record" button at each stop. There were twenty-three people in the room.

With the faces safe in Surveillance data banks, Tom began to listen to

the talk. His station list gave him a half-hour to hear something suspect. After fifteen minutes he found himself yawning.

The hell with this, he thought. They are never going to say anything. I wonder what Valerie is doing?

Tom had been on Surveillance for only one week. It was a token of his progress as a young executive that the telephone company had chosen him for this assignment. He had dutifully followed his station list. But even the thrill of omniscience wears off.

Valerie had not been happy about his new schedule. She even doubted that he was actually working every evening. Tom had had to promise to see her on the weekend. He had talked Mary into taking the kids to visit her mother.

It was Friday and Tom was horny. As the SDS droned, he thought of auburn hair, imaginative lips, pointed breasts.

Hell, why not? Nobody will know. Maybe she will be taking a shower or something. Does she have an extension in the bathroom?

He tapped out the number on the selector console. The SDS vanished. The living room of Valerie's apartment appeared. No one was there. Tom turned up the volume on the audio pick-up. He heard her voice.

He punched the "Alternate Receiver" button. The scene changed to Valerie's bedroom.

Valerie was there. She was on the bed on her back with her knees just above her shoulders. Her toes were pointed toward the ceiling. Someone else was there too. He was spread out over Valerie. The bottom half of his torso was moving up and down.

"Oh, Charlie," Valerie was saying. "Fuck me, Charlie."

Tom said, "Sonofabitch."

Although absolute fidelity had not been part of his arrangement with Valerie, he had sort of expected it of her anyway. He wondered who Charlie was.

Valerie said, "Fuck me, Charlie. Oh, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me."

Tom moved the viewing angle around the bed to try to see Charlie's face. During the circuit, Charlie shifted from second into high. Valerie began screaming, digging her nails into his back.

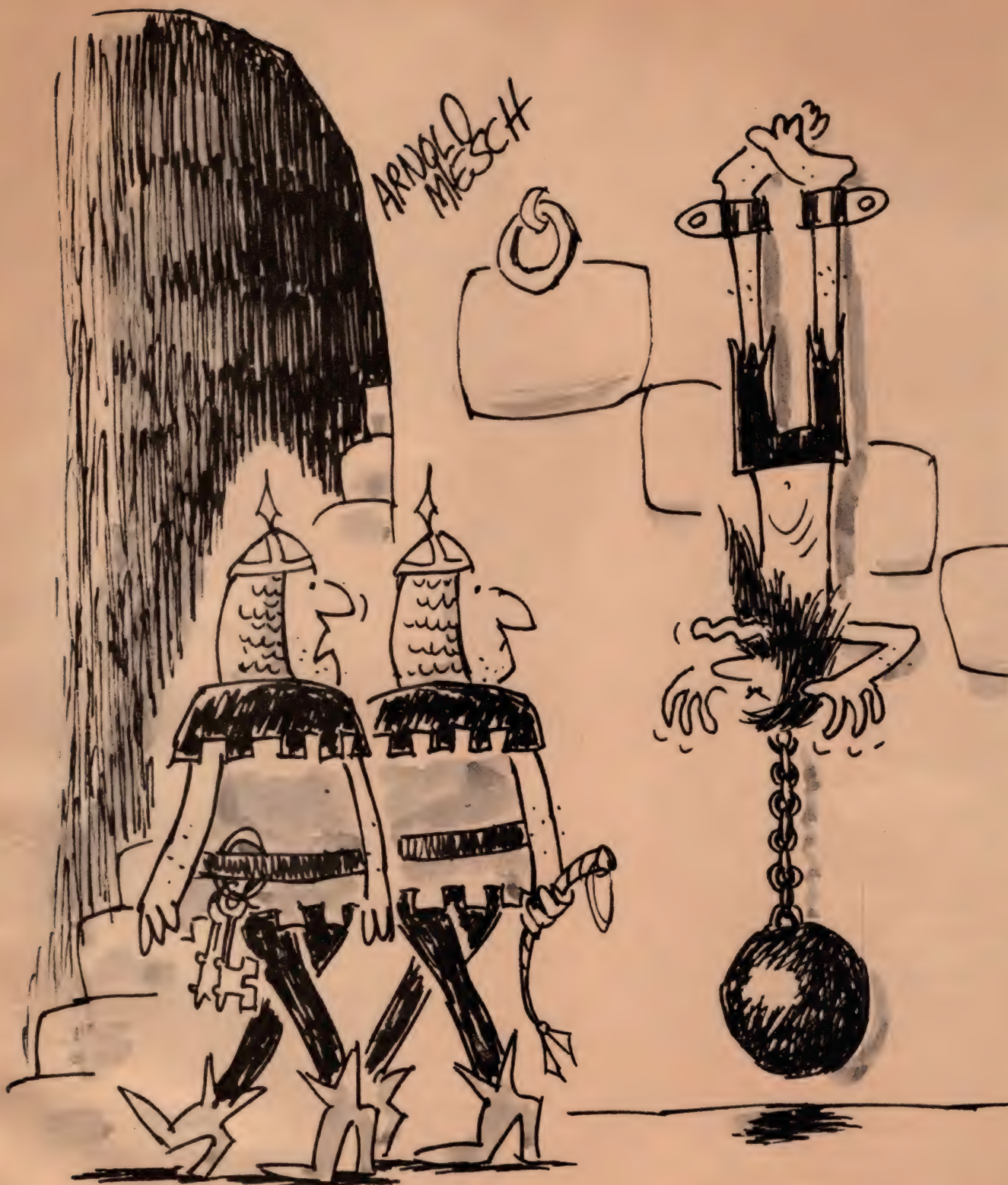
Damn, Tom thought, she never turns on like this with me!

Charlie's face was buried in red hair. All Tom could tell was that Charlie had lots of big freckles on his back. He was also accumulating some nasty scratches.

The hell with it! I don't know any Charlies anyway. Tom punched the "Image Blank" button.



"Don't worry about your period, honey . . . Pierre says your date won't mind at all."



"Moody bastard."

He clung to his swivel chair, breathing heavily.

He made up conversations with Valerie. How would she explain this? On the other hand, she would want to know how he knew about Charlie. He couldn't tell her the truth. It had been implied to him that the penalty for revealing the existence of RHIP and Surveillance Central was somewhat worse than being roasted over a slow fire.

The hell with Valerie anyway. There was a dynamite new secretary down in Long Lines. Besides, there was still Melinda, soft and loyal.

It was time to move on to the next item on his station list. It said: "State Senator Walter Axelrod. 461-3203. Check for immoral activity and record."

Tom recalled that Senator Axelrod was chairman of the Committee on Public Utilities.

A spacious living room appeared. It was empty. Next came a paneled library. It was also empty. The next extension was in a bedroom. Jackpot.

Senator Axelrod was seated on the bed like some pink, white-haired Buddha. There was a young man, also unclothed, who was on his knees directly before the Senator. The Senator was examining the state of the young man's erection.

Tom rotated the angle of view, hitting the "Record" button periodically as he went.

Well, Tom mused, this ought to take care of his investigation of our rate hikes.

The next few items on the station list were more liquor stores and a few warehouses. Tom ran through them quickly, mechanically.

He found he was quite a bit ahead of schedule. He couldn't get Valerie out of his mind. He needed solace. He decided to look in on Melinda.

The image appeared. He immediately wished he hadn't.

Melinda was naked. The man was nearly so. They were seated on the couch. Her head was tilted back, his mouth covering hers. One of his hands was kneading a large blue-veined breast. One of her hands was closed around the penis which was protruding through the fly of his shorts.

Tom said, "Sonofabitch."

This was his gentle shy innocent Melinda. This was the girl he had personally deflowered and trained in the ways of love. This was his erotic

creation turned against him.

Obviously, she had been a good student. She curled up and began to perform expert fellatio on the man, who was grinning idiotically. Tom didn't recognize him.

I can't let this go on, he thought frantically. He had a brilliant idea. He grabbed the regular telephone on his console desk and dialed Melinda's number.

The phone rang in her apartment. She and her friend didn't hear it for about three rings. Finally, she raised her head and said, "Oh shit. I'm sorry, darling. I better answer it."

Tom watched her approach the phone, swaying and jiggling. The image tilted as she picked up the receiver. Tom readjusted the angle to normal again.

"Hello?"

"Melinda?" Tom's voice was hoarse. He cleared his throat.

"Is that you, Tom?"

"Yes, it's me." He couldn't think of anything to say.

"What do you want, Tom?"

"Uh, well, I just thought I would call and see how you were doing. I missed seeing you this week."

"Oh, I missed you too, darling. I missed you terribly."

"Yes. Well, I'm up here working late again. I thought I would just call and say hello."

"That's sweet of you, Tom, darling."

Tom saw the man get up from the couch, thread his shorts over his erection and let them fall. He came over to Melinda.

"Listen, Tom," she said, "I have got my curlers plugged in and they are just now hot. Can I call you back later?"

She and the man exchanged grins. He cupped her breasts from behind. He nuzzled her neck.

Tom clenched his hand around the receiver. He wanted to scream at her. "Melinda," he said desperately, "I love you."

"I love you too, darling."

The man grasped her by the shoulders and guided her slowly down to the carpet.

"Listen, Melinda, I've been thinking. You know that suede coat you liked so much. I'm going to buy it for you. Just because you have been so good to me."

"Oh, that's wonderful, Tom, darling. You are such a dear. I love you to pieces."

The man stretched out on his back on the floor beside her. He pulled her over to straddle him.

Tom spoke hurriedly. "I love you, Melinda. I love you. You know why I love you? Because you have always been so sweet and faithful to me."

"Oh, that's such a nice thing to say, Tom. You are such a dear."

She lowered her round buttocks until she was hovering over the throbbing pylon. Tom put a hand over his eyes.

"Do you love me, Melinda?" he wailed.

"Oh, you know I do, Tom."

Tom looked through his fingers. She was halfway down, taking it into her inch by inexorable inch.

"Oh, I really love you . . . Tom."

Tom beat his fist on the console table.

"Tom, darling," her voice came through. "I really have to go now. The curlers are very hot."

She ground her pelvis against the upcoming thrusts. The picture on the screen of the Remote Holographic Image Projector bounced in rhythm.

"Sure, Melinda." Tom could not hide the rancor in his voice.

Melinda said, "Unnhh."

"Goodbye, dear faithful Melinda."

She stopped the motion of her posterior momentarily, blinking. But she really hadn't heard him. "Goodbye, Tom, darling." She stretched to hang up the receiver and resumed her activity with happy enthusiasm.

Tom turned off the scene.

How long has this been going on? If it wasn't for RHIP I might never have known. Tom suddenly became philosophical. The hell with them both. Just a couple of cheap cunts. A lot more where they came from.

He let his arms dangle beside the chair, head hanging. Another triumph of modern technology. Maybe it was for the best. It was tough keeping the two of them satisfied. Plus occasional chores at home. Maybe I ought to taper off. Try the faithful husband routine. *Better Homes and Gardens*. Mary is a good old girl. We had a good thing once. She used to be damn good.

His fingers played over the console. His thoughts of his wife were fonder than they had been in a long time. Almost unthinking, he selected his home phone number.

The kitchen was dark. The family room was dark too. Again he

(Continued on page 71)

The Parlors

Question: Are these places for tired muscles or something more?
Answer: Something more!

BY STUART A. OLSON

First of all this is definitely not one of those eighteen million Naked City stories, but it very well could have been.

There are many people who, for some reason or another, have a misconstrued opinion of the massage business. Fortunately I can finally bring it all into a perspective which everyone can understand. I have personally researched this type of business for twenty-two weeks with open eyes and mind. The research was initiated because of my strong belief in not judging anything until I have seen it or done it myself. Also, it had something to do with my being horny. So, after investigating twenty-two different massage parlors I can now give you this in-depth and concise report on the massage business.

With sixty dollars and some odd change in my pocket, I dashed out of my car and headed twenty feet or so to the front door of my first massage parlor. The rain led me to believe that I should have stayed at home watching Perry

Mason win his court case, but I was determined to rid the country of the myths that surround the massage business.

I didn't realize it then, but I was to find out that 12:30 A.M. is a very strange and hideous hour to be in a massage parlor—not because of the clientele at that hour, but because of the masseuse's attitude during these late hours. Well, I finally got inside; wet, nervous and with one of those shit eatin' grins on my face. Directly ahead of me was a desk, a price list and a young, moderately pretty girl who looked like she'd been working in a hot muggy laundromat for ten hours straight.

She looked up at me and said, "Hello there ... anything I can help you with?"

"Uh, oh, yeah, I ..." I responded brilliantly. Not knowing what to say and not having rehearsed my lines, that was the best reply I could come up with.

She stood up, pointed at the price chart and began her sales pitch. "First, we have a sauna and massage for twelve-fifty. Then we have a body shampoo for twenty dollars. Or, the Double Royal Supreme for sixty dollars. You'll love the Supreme ... it's somethin' else."

"No, I think I'd better take the first one you mentioned there." Knowing that I wouldn't impress her with my wealth, I began digging the money out of my pocket.

"Will that be on a credit card, sir?" she asked.

"Credit card? Yamean I can use my credit card in here?"

"Certainly sir, we accept all major credit cards except Shell Oil."

Need I tell you what was running through my mind? This is as far as mankind can go—sex on monthly revolving payments. I wondered what those folks at American Express and BankAmericard do when the slips for massage parlors arrive? They're probably sitting their laughing when they see the price some dumb asshole paid to get his rocks off.

Well, being a little short on cash, I accepted her offer and handed her my credit card. She filled out the receipt, tore off my copy and handed my card back. Then she asked me to come into the next room and started instructing me on what to do. First I was to undress in room four, then take a sauna and shower and then return to the room and wait for my masseuse. I did exactly what she told me to and was back in good old room four within five minutes.

While waiting in that little ten by eight foot room with only a red light above to guide me, I started thinking that



“I was drained but she just kept on going up and down. I really wanted her to stop for a minute so I could catch my breath but she was in a trance.”

maybe I was not supposed to be sitting in a chair smoking; that instead I should have been lying on the massage table. Then I began to think that maybe there were one-way mirrors with either cameras or perverts peeking at me. Finally, though, I convinced myself that there was no one watching or filming my experience, (but I wrapped my towel around me a little more securely just in case.)

Suddenly I began hearing some kind of muffled noises—singing or humming—from the next room. I put my ear next to the wall but could barely make it out. Someone in the next room was singing. Then I heard grunts and groans and then more singing. This time it was loud enough for me to hear: “Mmh mmh good, mmh mmh good, that’s what Campbell’s soup is, mmh mmh good.”

Then it dawned on me what she was doing. I started to laugh when the girl blurted out as if she had a mouthful of peanut butter. “Keep comin’ baby, please, oh, please, just . . . keep . . . comin’.” Then it was quiet.

Within minutes my masseuse arrived; tall, slender, brunette and with a very efficient look on her face. It was then that I realized she was the girl who’d been singing in the next room moments before—not because she had arrived so quickly, but because of the white glob on her right cheek. It didn’t take her long to notice that I had noticed and she turned abruptly, said “excuse me,” and left the room. When she returned she immediately removed the towel I had secured so prudishly and exposed my poor limp, embarrassed penis. Well, I won’t bore you with the massage; I’ll get right to the dirty part.

After she finished the massage and put the lotion back on the stand next to the table, she asked: “Will there be anything else?”

“Well, uh, yeah. I’d like some . . . uh . . .”

“Really? You aren’t a cop are you?”

“No, honest, I’m not a cop. How much would it cost?”

“That depends on what you want, honey. Another massage’ll cost ya ten bucks—or isn’t that what we’re talking about?”

“Well, no . . . I meant somethin’ more personal.”

“The only two things I can offer you is a hand job for twenty or a blow job for forty,” she said efficiently.

“Okay,” I said, “I’ll take the blow job.”

“Ya want me to take my top off?”

“Uh, sure,” I stammered.

“You want this on your credit card, too?”

“Sure,” I said, smiling. I thought of the clerks again reading the credit card charges.

“Give me your card and I’ll be right back.”

After she left the room I concentrated my efforts on getting an erection but I was too nervous to accomplish it.

She returned with my receipt, had me sign it and then put my card on the table next to us. Then she whipped off her blouse like we’d known each other for years. She stood in front of me rubbing both of her tits with her hands and moving her tongue back and forth across her lips.

“Ready?” she growled.

I replied with the most affirmative yes that I could

muster.

Quickly, she bent over my now-erect cock and took the whole thing in her mouth.

I immediately forgot all about the forty bucks it was costing me. She was fantastic, and I mean *FANTASTIC!* Just like Lovelace—up and down, up and down, right to the hilt and never missing a stroke and moaning and groaning all the time like I was the greatest since Valentino. She must have known instinctively when I was ready to come because she took my cock out of her mouth and placed it a half an inch from her chin and let it shoot all over her face.

I was drained but she just kept on going up and down. I really wanted her to stop for a minute so I could catch my breath but she was in a trance.

Then, suddenly, she stood up, grabbed a towel, wiped her face, threw the towel into a corner and smiled. Then she picked up her copy of the credit slip and, efficiently, left the room without a word.

My search for the truth continued. I managed to visit another massage parlor at least once a week, and once a week I became a little poorer. Even though I was fast becoming a financial disaster, I was sure that some day I’d be the massage parlor expert of all time. Of course, having a different woman once a week for twenty-two weeks held some enticement, too.

But, like any other worthy cause, this one did have some drawbacks. For instance, my girl friend couldn’t figure out why I could no longer afford to take her out. This, of course, caused me to lie and, like it has been said, “Oh, what a tangled web we weave.” And boy, did I ever weave. Even when New Year’s Eve rolled around I couldn’t afford to take her out. Well, that kinda broke the camel’s back. After that, she refused to speak to me. But my research continued.

Around the twelfth week, or the twelfth massage parlor, I was finally introduced to the oriental massage. Let me warn you, you’d better be of sound mind and body if you ever decide to enter one of those. First, you can’t understand what they’re saying if you don’t speak the language, and secondly you do not, I repeat, do not get any oral sex in an oriental parlor. Third, they beat your body to a pulp and thus any sexual desire you might have had is almost totally diminished by the time you get to that point and last, they’ll want you to be their life time boyfriend (on a weekly basis). I must hasten to warn you, if you want none of the above, stay clear of oriental massage parlors.

The eighteenth parlor took the cake. I’m still reeling over that one. This parlor had all black girls. This I didn’t know beforehand. Well, anyway, this is the way it went once I got inside.

“Hi, honey, what can I do for you?” this chick said.

“How about a massage. What kind do you have?”

“Ha, ha. You’re not here for a damn massage. You’re looking for some head, aren’t you?” That was right to the point.

“Well, if you want to put it that way, yes,” I replied.

Right then I knew this was going to be some kind of



"I told Susan that was the best damn head I'd ever had. She modestly said, 'thank you,' picked up her clothes and efficiently left the room."

classic. This girl was about to eliminate all of the formalities of the massage business—and with her looks and body, she didn't need any formalities.

"How much?" I asked, deciding to be straightforward, too.

"Forty dollars, honey. Forty dollars cash money."

"And what do I get for it?"

"You get two lovely ladies and some head, that's what."

I paid her the forty cash and asked her where I should go.

"First you take a shower and then go to that room on your left and strip."

I couldn't believe it, but when the first girl, Susan, came in and began taking her clothes off, I became convinced. Then she yelled: "Chris, get your big tits in here." I asked if she always worked like this, I mean with two girls. She told me no, but that they'd had hardly any business that day and wanted to go home, but not broke. So they had designed this session just for me—to split the profits so to speak.

Within a moment, Chris was in the room taking her clothes off. Now when Susan said "big tits" I had no idea that she meant *that* big. She had a bust measurement of at least forty inches and a waist no larger than thirty. When I saw those boobs I got an instant erection and the two went to work immediately. Susan started sucking my cock while I played with Chris' big brown tits, rubbing and nibbling them like they were two big chocolate cakes. After five minutes or so of this, Chris replaced Susan in the sucking department. Then Susan started to play with Chris' tits. All of this was rather baffling. Then Susan kneeled down on the floor and began eating Chris and then when she came up for air she started sharing my cock with Chris. Suddenly I couldn't hold out any longer and shot. They both kept licking and sucking for awhile. Chris left the room first, leaving her clothes behind. I told Susan that that was the best head I'd ever had. She modestly said thank you, picked up her clothes and left.

Well, that's about it—an almost complete summary of my intensive research into the massage parlor business. I didn't tell you all twenty-two tales. First, it would fill a book and second, some of the parlors I visited have faded from memory, either because they were so boring or so phony. Besides, if you've been in a few of them, a lot of them become pretty much the same.

Now that I've told you that a lot of the business of massage parlors is sex, I'll tell you something about the financial structure of these businesses. When you're lying there in a massage parlor, you sometimes wonder where the money is going and to whom.

There are three methods of payment to employees and of profits to the owner. The first and most popular is that the owner and masseuse split fifty-fifty on total cash intake per customer. This plan works very well, especially if credit cards are used. When cash is used, owners are more aware of the amount of time a masseuse spends with each customer—but like any business, there is a certain amount of

cheating when cash is used. Girls are payed either weekly or on a daily basis, depending upon the class of the parlor. Some girls prefer their cash payment daily so that, whenever the fancy takes them, they can just split and don't have to worry about collecting their money.

The second method of payment is that the masseuse and owner split fifty-fifty on massages but the masseuse take all of the money she promotes for sexual favors. This plan is, of course, bad for the owner but good for the girl. The problem there is that the girl is left too much leeway for pricing her services. If she's too high, she might drive customers away, which naturally hurts business.

The third method is, as far as I'm concerned, the worst. In fact, two of the parlors I visited which used the following method, are now out of business. It works like this: the owner takes all of the money from massages and the girls take all of the money from prostitution. This causes high prices on both ends of the business and since the girl isn't making anything on the massage, she's apt to give a lousy massage, but a good blow job.

As for the amount of investment to start a massage parlor—this can vary from about \$6,000 to \$15,000 to start depending on how lavish and where your parlor is located. (I'd heard a rumor that you could start a parlor for as little as \$2,000 but this seems highly unlikely, unless you opened your business in a basement somewhere.)

Now, where do you get the money to invest in a sauna or massage parlor? Believe it or not, a lot of the investment money can be obtained from the Small Business Administration. In all practicability, this is a sound method considering that the Government secures ninety percent of the original loan. So, even if you fail you can sneak out the back door with only a ten percent debit.

But, if you think you're ready to start your own massage business, you'd better stop and think for a moment. There are still such matters as location, zoning, permits, hiring girls, interior construction and the police. As for location, pick a business district where there's a lot of retail business and traffic. When you find your location, be sure to check with the city to find out whether a massage parlor is permitted within the zoning of that area. Then, after you've cleared the zoning restrictions, apply for your building permits and masseuse permits. As for the hiring—hire a woman to hire the girls. This way, you don't get charged with promoting prostitution and if you do, just point your finger at your personnel manager. Then hire a general contractor to do the work and electricians to do the wiring and then there's the plumbing. As for the police—good luck!

If you have the capital, and the stamina, you could have a profitable business. Some masseuses I talked with earn from \$250 to \$500 per week. The owner can make from one to two thousand a week and sometimes more. It's better than owning a grocery store. I found it so enticing that I have decided to start my own massage parlor—I have to do something after my expensive research into this intriguing business which, incidentally, is still continuing. □



**cover
charge**





According to Mother Goose, Mary Had A Little Lamb . . . which is probably a nice thing to have, but as far as we know, it never got Mary featured on the cover of a big national magazine. Our Mary, on the other hand, doesn't even have a sheep dog, but what she's got more than makes up for what she ain't. With her obvious ass-ets, this luscious lovely has made a lot more money than she could make herding sheep. "I began as a fashion model," Mary says, "but that got to be too much of a hassle. Tons of makeup, constant starvation because of the demand that you be skinny, and always knowing that at the first sign of a wrinkle you were through." Mary switched to modeling bikinis and found that the less she wore the more popular she became. Then she took the plunge to nude modeling and loved it. "Now the only thing I have to be careful of are bruises in the wrong places," she says. Does she have any plans for the future, we asked her. "Well, I don't know where I could go from here. I've been offered parts in movies, but so far, they've been the kind that call for me to do more than take off my clothes. I don't think I'm ready for that scene." Mary says that when the nude modeling days are over, she'll probably start doing commercials for TV. Meanwhile, we hope you got a charge out of our cover girl. We did.









THE RAPISTS

These punk kids posed a threat — but for a man like Jim Decker, handling punks was a fact of life.

By JOHN RUBIN
and WALTER OSTERMAN

As soon as the diesel jockey opened the door to Mae's Cafe he saw the bikers messing with the waitress. One of them, a skinny, mean looking kid was holding her arms behind her back, while his big, red-haired friend was running his hands over her breasts and pressing his greasy face against hers. The trucker strode over and gripped the latter by the shoulder, spun him around, and slammed a fist into his jaw, sending him sprawling. Then he turned to the other who had released her arms and was running for the door. With the toe of his cowboy boot he caught the biker's ass, slamming him into the wall.

The first one was now getting himself up off the floor. "Now pick your friend up and get out," said the trucker, barely holding back his fury. They scrambled to their feet and headed sullenly toward the door. "When you take on a Wolf, you take on the whole pack," one said, glaring.

"Well, unless you get out of here right quick, your pack's going to be missing a couple of jokers."

As they turned to leave, he saw the wolf's head emblazoned on the backs of their leather jackets.

Looking at the waitress now, he noticed that she was shaken but not hurt. She was honey blonde with a girlish, freckled face, but a real woman's body.

"Bowl of chili, Ma'am."

"I usually close at eleven, but this time I'm happy to make an exception."

After serving his chili, she closed up the diner and disappeared into a room behind the counter. As he fin-

ished eating he looked up and saw her standing in the doorway, staring plaintively at him. She was wearing a loose shorty nightgown with her legs bare up to the curve of her ass. Knowing the look in her eyes, the trucker, never one to disappoint a lady, rose and walked over to her. When he reached the door she receded a few steps. He followed her into the dark doorway and found her pressing against him. A smooth thigh slid around him to kick the door shut.

"I like a man who can handle himself," she said, unzipping his fly and slipping in her soft, playful fingers.

"You seem to handle things pretty well yourself," he replied, beginning to feel the heat.

"What's your name?" she asked, nestling into his arms.

"Jim Decker."

"Well, Big Jim Decker," she whispered as their lips drew together, "you're one hell of a man."

He chuckled softly as she pulled him on top of her and into the warm bed. His arm slid around her to loosen the string on her nighty as she unbuttoned his shirt. The thin fabric slid easily off her silken skin as his hungry kisses ranged over her neck and shoulders. Her firm breasts pressed passionately against his bare chest as her body writhed in desire. Their bodies thrust against each other savagely, each plunge punctuated by a groan of ecstasy that issued from deep within her. In coupled undulation they climaxed with fiery intensity.

Mae's luscious body was still vivid in Jim's mind as he jockeyed his rig onto the dark highway. She had wanted him to stay the night, but he had a load to pick up in LA and

needed to put a couple of hundred miles behind him before he turned in. Settling down for a long night on the road, he pulled a can of brew out of his cooler and switched on his quadraphonic tape player. With the cool night air rushing past his rugged face, Jim grinned and sang along to the music.

A few hours out of Mae's, Jim's high beams struck a car pulled onto the shoulder. Drawing closer, he spotted two Harleys and knew there was bound to be trouble. Suddenly, two black-clad figures bolted from the open convertible and headed for the motorcycles. They had already fled into the darkness when Decker pulled his tractor up behind the car, from which a young woman holding her ripped blouse together was now emerging.

She caught him as he jumped down from the cab, gripping him desperately and sobbing into his barrel chest.

"Aw, c'mon, honey, it's okay now."

"They — they — oh — they said they'd be back — 'We're gonna get the whole pack and stampede that cowboy's ass,' they said."

"Honest, everything's all right now. They're just a couple of punk kids."

Collecting herself, she began telling him what had happened. "They smashed my headlights with those chains they carry, and I ran off the road and they —" she gripped him again, "Oh, thank God you came along!"

"Well, let's put your car in my trailer. You can't drive without headlights. There's a truck stop about two hours from here. You'll be all right there, and you can get your car fixed."

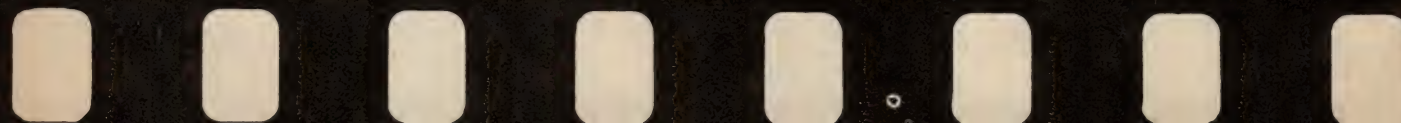
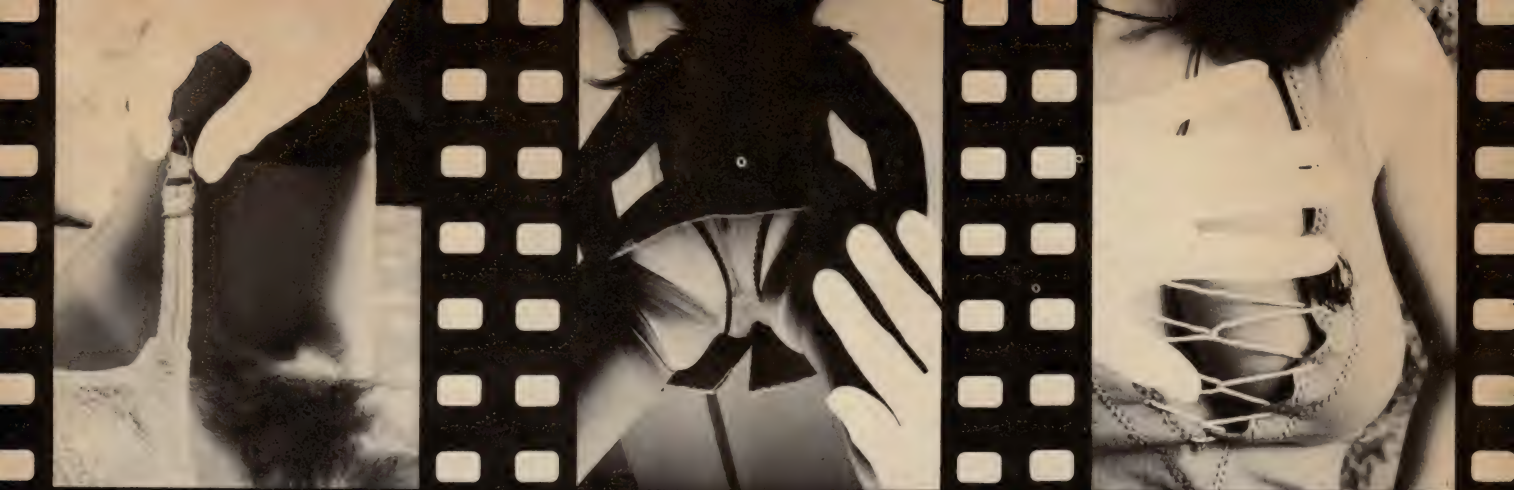
(Continued on page 40)

DICK'S ENLARGER

You would think that photography—especially nude photography—would be an exciting profession in itself, wouldn't you? Well, like everything else—including sex—too much of a good thing can become tiresome. One day Dick was sitting in his darkroom developing shot after shot; a tit here, an ass there, and everything seemed to grow fuzzy as he dozed off. One of his hands slipped between the enlarger and the paper and he pressed the button. When the photo was developed, there was Dick's hand where it wasn't supposed to be. But . . . voilà, he had just discovered a way to kill the boredom.









DOES YOUR MOTHER KNOW YOU'RE A TOPLESS DANCER?

"No, so please don't tell her," she answers, along with questions like why she doesn't shave down there and life in general on the bar top.

By GERRY LOE

I've been dancing topless for the past three years. Lately, some clubs have gotten permission to go bottomless and I've been into that too. For those of you who are unfamiliar with the terms, "topless" means exposed from the waist up; "bottomless" means that you dance nude. It's a whole different world in the places where I dance and looking back on the things I've seen and heard made me think it's something I might like to share with you. After all, somewhere along the way, you might have sat out there watching my act and we never got to know each other. Let's try now.

Probably the first thing I should explain is why a nice girl like me is ... because sooner or later most customers ask it. Quite simply, I do it for the



money. I go to college in the day time and after trying all the places where an inexperienced gal goes looking for work, the chance of earning between ten and fifteen dollars per hour dancing seemed my best bet. My folks live out of state, I live alone, and no one really knows I dance. I keep wondering whether I'd quit if they found out, but that's something I haven't worked out yet. Meanwhile, I drive a brand new car, have great clothes, and believe me, I don't have to go to a health spa for exercise.

The first time I danced was in a bar in New York City. It seemed a little strange to take off my clothes in front so many men, but after a while I realized that some of them were more uncomfortable than I was. Oh, they looked, but mainly when I wasn't looking at them. I move a lot. I'm a pretty good dancer and when the mood hits me, I do my thing on the bar top (more about this later). It's funny; some guys will be stretching their necks and really trying to see every dimple, but when I come close and put my breasts so close their glasses steam up, they act as if they suddenly got a thought on the latest stock quotations. The same thing happens when I dance bottomless and squat right in front of them. I'd say only half look between my legs; the other half look right into my eyes. I've never figured that one out.

After you've been around for a few years, you come to know the regulars. Most of the customers are middle-aged. You find very few young

ones, but there's always a fair sprinkling of senior citizens. In every place that you find topless dancers or strippers, you'll find the customer I call "Pop." He's usually bald or has thinning grey hair, he has false teeth but often doesn't wear them, he drinks rye and ginger and wears the baggiest brown or blue suits you've ever seen. They're the greatest guys you'll ever meet and, without a doubt, the most appreciative. "Pop" can always be counted on to clap at the end of a record, or if I ask him to help me off with my bra or G-string, he'll never try to touch more than he knows I want him to. Some of the gals I know, who work the burlesque circuit, say their own "Pops" show up for every matinee, all year round.

But not all the men are as harmless or as nice as "Pop." Since I work bars and the name of the game for the owner is to get as much liquor sold as possible, some of the guys get pretty smashed. When you're dancing around wearing nothing but a pair of platform shoes and then go through the motions of simulated intercourse no more than two feet from a man's nose, you almost have to expect he's going to use familiar language when he talks to you. And do they talk!

You'll always find the customer who asks, "Does your mother know you're doing this?" That's an easy one to answer. I just put on a little-girl smile and say, "No, she doesn't, so please don't tell her." Some of the more raunchy remarks have been,

"Why don't you shave down there, we can't see your pussy with all that hair," or from an older customer, "You know, when you get in your sixties, your pussy hair will all fall out and you'll be bald down there." I have to admit I've never checked that last one out. Some customers have a subtle way of telling you they don't like your body or your act, and will come out with the old burlesque cry, "Take it off." That's not so bad when you're in the process of stripping, but when you're lying on a rug, completely nude, there's no way that isn't meant as a real put-down.

Then there are the propositions. They usually range from a carefully asked question as to whether I would give a "private show" for a group of friends, to an outright invitation to go out to the parking lot and do a back seat number during the half hour the other dancer is on. You can't really get too angry when this happens; after all, it never hurts to ask. What really worries me though, are the reactions of some of the customers when you turn them down, no matter how you try to avoid a direct refusal. A few of the girls I work with have found men waiting in the parking lot at 3 A.M. when the bars close and believe me that can get pretty delicate to handle.

Most of the girls who dance topless have learned that to stay popular you have to have a gimmick. I'm known in the trade as a "walker." As I mentioned before, I do this mainly for the money, but I've got to admit that I get turned on by the sight of men admiring my body. So I give them a good look. Whenever I can, I step on to the bar top, dance to where a customer is sitting and plant my feet as close to his edge of the bar as I can. In this position, his head is just about between my legs. When he looks up, you better believe it's a real turn-on sight. As a variation, I spin around so that I'm backward to him and then I bend over and touch my toes. For a lot of guys, this is a better view because they don't have to be concerned about whether I'm looking at them as they check me out.

Other gimmicks include gals who'll "stuff things" for the men around the bar. This can include corks (one gal imitates a champagne bottle, sound included when she's "uncorked"), sticks of chewing gum,

(Continued on page 68)



"Better check with Freddie McGuire. He says he's starting a pussy patrol."



"Remember when you were a little girl and all you had waiting for me was hot chocolate and cookies?"





THAT CERTAIN LOOK

There are certain girls who have a certain look that tells you they'd be a lot of fun for an evening on the town. It's a hard to describe, impish glint in the eye, or a sly smile that tells you there's more than what you see on the surface. Jeanette has that certain look . . . right?

One session of photographing our center-fold girl this month proved us right. She's as bubbly as a glass of champagne, always laughing and joking. The only hard (almost) part of the day was when we asked her to be serious. But even then you could still see the mischief just below the surface.















"If we make it there," she said, trembling.

"Oh, that scum's only tough when there's no men around."

Jim wished he could be as confident as he sounded. If a whole gang were to come after them, they could be in for a long night.

He loaded her car in a hurry, for once glad to be running empty. The car, a T-bird convertible, seemed all right except for the smashed headlights. When they finally got moving, the surge of the engine eased Jim's mind. The open road was his home turf, and anyone who messed with him now fought on his terms.

The girl snuggled against him for reassurance. "You never told me your name, honey," he said.

"Andria — Andria Scott," she answered.

"I'm Jim Decker. Where you headed?" Feeling her clinging to him, he slipped his arm around her shoulders. She was small, but well built, with long, wavy auburn hair.

"I was going to Los Angeles. I'm a teacher in Albuquerque and I wanted to visit my sister for Easter."

Jim could tell just talking made her feel better. "Well, I'm headed for LA myself. Got to pick up a load there Tuesday. Figured to stop at the I-10 Truck Plaza when we get onto

the interstate. It's about," he looked at his watch, "five now, so we should be there around six-thirty."

Suddenly Andria's body became rigid. "Oh my God, look!"

Glancing out to the right, he saw an array of maybe a dozen headlights coming toward him across the desert. The motorcycles were silhouetted against the sand, which gleamed faintly silver in the moonlight. Chrome flashed ominously under dazzling headlight beams. Now he saw about an equal number to his left, sweeping in at him, their engines shattering the air like a swarm of giant, enraged insects.

"Hang on, honey!" he cried, jamming the accelerator to the floorboard. The big diesel, heart of his mighty Transtar, throbbed with the surge of power. The pack charged onto the surface of the highway in front of him. He swerved into the center of the roadway, charging between the converging cyclers. With their slingshot acceleration, the bikers were soon in front of him again. They clustered in the glare of his headlights, their savage wolf-head symbols staring at him from their backs.

Decker began gaining on them as they slowed down, trying to force him to do the same. They were sullen

and methodical, not even looking back at him.

"Those two bastards!" snarled Andria, pointing to two bikers directly in front of them. "That big redhead and the skinny son-of-a-bitch beside him. They're the ones."

Jim recognized them from Mae's Cafe. "Well, they're about to end up under us if they don't get their asses out of the way." Decker eased his foot down on the accelerator and gave a long, loud blast on his horn. The truck's bumper closed with the two until it ground against their back fenders. Startled, they jumped ahead in a sudden burst of speed. Shouts passed among the gang and they all sped to a few hundred yards ahead of the truck. There they held, as if deciding what to do.

When he saw them move to the left and begin slowing down, he knew what they were after — his headlights. Jim kept as far as he could to the right to keep the lights on that side safe. As he closed on them again, they moved into the left lane. The one closest to him was now extending his arm, a motorcycle chain dangling from his hand. Pulling alongside the truck, the cycler heaved the chain in a long arc; it moved slowly at first, but rapidly gained speed in the gale their motion generated. The chain struck its mark, smashing one headlight. In a few seconds the biker was moving in again to go after the other of the left pair of lights.

"Son-of-a-bitch! Whatever those freaks are on just might prove hazardous to their health," muttered Decker, veering sharply to the left. Struck suddenly by the truck's fender, the biker was knocked to the left, almost losing his balance. Regaining it quickly, he prepared to take another swing. Again Decker bumped him before he could strike, pushing him still farther left. Now, with the truck in the center of the highway, another cycler streaked up to go after the right headlights.

As the attacker on the left began his swing, Decker swerved to the right, into the other who was ready to strike. The first's blow failed to connect with the truck, which had moved out of range, causing the chain to follow through the swing into the spokes of the motorcycle's rear wheel. Traveling close to seventy m.p.h., the bike somersaulted, then

(Continued on page 62)



"You know, James, that I could never love another man.
But I'm horny as hell for the guy next-door."

A Pizza Piece

A small one with everything to go.

By THORNE ROSE

Delivering pizza for a living is not my ideal choice of jobs, but when you're carrying a full course load in college and getting no financial assistance except a scholarship which



Illustration by Dave Dippel

covers only tuition, it offers several very special advantages. Such as, aside from the obvious ones, a chance to meet someone like Angela Hamilton. Now there's a fringe benefit you're just not going to get with most jobs.

It was one of the most blustery nights of the year when her order came in just a couple of minutes before our usual cutoff time for the night. Because it was for only a small one with everything, I was tempted to turn it down, particularly since Kathy, our dispatcher, already had told the caller she wasn't sure she'd be able to get anyone to deliver to such an outlying address on roads already very treacherous from the severe December storm. Exhausted from one of my best nights ever, with everyone staying home out of the near-blizzard and then tipping heavily because of my heroic efforts to get a hot pizza to them, I almost told Kathy to refuse the order when my greed overruled my judgement and impulsively I nodded acceptance.

The order was from an A. Hamilton on Old Ridge Road, which, on the far east side of town, is a beautiful residential road lined by large and expensive estates. The Hamiltons' seemed one of the largest of all, almost out in the country and surrounded by heavy woods with a high brick fence bordering the front lot line. Turning into the unplowed drive, the car plunged through the deep snow fairly well as the road curved through dense woods before coming to a fairly small but steep hill

at the top of which was a vast open expanse of what I assumed in the summer must be an enormous lawn. All went well until I got to that hill, when the rear end fishtailed, causing me to stupidly hit the brakes and lose my momentum. The car became hopelessly stuck halfway up the hill, impossible to move in any direction.

Cursing loudly at the storm, the hill and the fact I couldn't afford studs or chains, I turned off the engine and the lights, grabbed the pizza from the portable oven and started the long walk to the large house. The air was so cold and the wind so fierce, my ears, nose and toes all were aching before I'd even reached the crest of the hill. By the time I finally got up to the huge mansion, I was sure I was close to frostbite. Making matters worse, the house seemed totally dark inside, even though the outside was completely illuminated on all sides by security lights tucked behind the shrubbery.

Once at the door, under a pretentious, pedimented portico, there was at least some protection from the storm as I pushed the lighted doorbell switch, setting off an elaborate chiming inside, but prompting no immediate response. As I danced about, trying to keep from freezing, I realized I was not only bothered by the storm but also needed the loan of a bathroom most urgently. Again I pushed on the chimes switch and this time grabbed the brass door knocker and began slamming it

furiously against the knocker plate, enraged at my predicament and with myself for having cared so much about the tip from one last delivery. I had already given up and started to walk away from the house when I heard the front door open behind me and a voice called, "Don't leave. I ordered a pizza."

Still furious, I turned back toward the house, half determined to throw the now frozen slab in the caller's face, when I saw the voice belonged to a woman who was very young, very attractive, very well built, very short and not very dressed, wearing only baby doll pajamas which were a brilliant red. Instantly, angry retribution was erased from my mind.

"I thought you weren't coming because of the storm so I went to bed and must have drifted asleep," her soft voice apologized sleepily as I approached the porch again. "When I heard the chimes, I ran to the bedroom window and saw you were leaving so I raced down here without grabbing any money. I guess you'll have to step inside a minute until I get some. Where's your delivery truck?"

"We use our own cars and mine is stuck halfway up your driveway. I had to walk up here from that hill back there and I'm nearly frozen."

"Then come in. I can feel how cold it is. I'm sorry I got you into this mess. I don't know why I even ordered a pizza so late at night. Just a dumb impulse I guess," she rambled on engagingly as I stepped into a large entrance hall which, on each side, had long, curving stairways leading to the second floor and a large, sparkling chandelier hanging above our heads.

"If you'll just let me warm up a little and use your telephone, I can try and get somebody to pull me out. And if I could also use your bathroom," I mumbled, trying to avert my eyes from the firm breasts and bright pink nipples easily visible through her flimsy pajama top.

"Certainly," she smiled accommodatingly. "Why not take off your coat and leave those snowy shoes by the door so you don't track snow all over the carpets and get my folks all upset. There's a bathroom right down the hall there, third door to the right, and there are phones all over the place. In the bathroom even, if you want to call from there. Daddy's got a

(Continued on page 52)



"Sorry, waiter, this isn't your table."



"Cut it out, Jack! I thought you were latent."



"Sorry to keep you two gents waiting, but there's two girls available now."

Gay Abandon



"When I subscribed to the Fruit of the Month Club, I assumed they'd send bananas and apples and stuff like that."



The girls may seem to be in a mellow, lay-back mood, but this wasn't the case. Actually, Wendy and Sue were on edge this particular afternoon due to some happenings earlier in the day. It seems that a neighbor had the nerve to suggest that Wendy and Sue were (don't let this get around) lesbians. But they deny these charges. "Just because we live together, everyone thinks we're gay, but it isn't the truth," Wendy levels with us. In fact, both girls say they love male companionship and don't under-

HOWLING KITTIES

stand why men often give them the go by instead of the old one-two. Not people to idle their time away in waiting for that special someone, however, the girls lean toward a love the one you're with philosophy. It's like Wendy says, "I'm only making the best of a bad situation," and Sue agrees saying, "It beats needlepoint." The girls claim to be guilty of no more than having a healthy sexual appetite. Neighbors complain that the girls' kitties howl at night, and this, the girls proudly admit, is the honest truth.







BY THOMAS FENSCH

On October 9, 1955, the partially decomposed and faceless body of a woman was found in a wooded section of Cleveland's Brookside Park. An autopsy showed that she had been strangled. Three days later, a note was found in the same area, stomped into the mud and almost completely obliterated. Only seven words were legible out of a total of twenty. "My mame Helen Carlin," the note read, "find two boys."

Ten days later, fingerprint identification from the F.B.I. showed the woman to be 18-year-old Gloria Ferry, of Altoona, Pennsylvania.

In Cleveland, detectives began the tedious work of trying to pinpoint why a young woman from Altoona was found dead in Cleveland. They began by combing hotel records for out-of-town registrations during the early parts of October.

In Altoona, authorities focused their attention on Louis Statler, Gloria Ferry's 69-year-old boyfriend. Statler, an itinerant part-time circus worker and professional wrestler, had been working as a street cleaner in Altoona, but had mysteriously disappeared. In Cleveland, a warrant was issued for Statler's arrest for suspicion of murder.

In Cleveland, detectives found a hotel registration, "W. Ritchie and wife," ironically at Cleveland's Statler hotel. The signature was in an odd handwriting style and was dated during the time Gloria Ferry was in Cleveland. While the Cleveland police were working on the case, they received two handwritten post cards, one from Windsor, Ontario, Canada and one from California. The postcards referred to the Ferry case and cast suspicion on someone the



GUILTY AS CHARGED

Insights into the art, science and applications of handwriting analysis. An interview with ace graphologist Joseph Tholl.

Cleveland police could not locate.

Two months later, the F.B.I. arrested Louis Statler

in Chicago. Detectives were able to place him in Cleveland during the day of Gloria Ferry's death. After identification by a bus driver, he was placed at the gates of Brookside Park, but detectives had no way to link him with the body, found well inside the park gates. "W. Ritchie and wife," the registration at the Statler hotel, had been Louis Statler (he later admitted) and Gloria Ferry. The registration that had puzzled Cleveland detectives was not filled out by Statler, but by a foreign-born hotel clerk, which explained the odd handwriting.

But then the police reached a stand-still. They had their suspect in jail. They could place him in Cleveland at the date of the murder. They could even place him near the site where the body was found. But they had no actual evidence to connect him with the body in the park. The note found in the mud and the anonymous postcards were clues that apparently led nowhere.

The police called in Joseph Tholl, their own handwriting and documents expert.

Tholl (whose name rhymes with "hall") remembers Louis Statler well. "Statler was little, five two or five three," Tholl says, "but he had a thick bull neck and huge shoulders. He was very muscular. He was pleasant and congenial. While he was in jail—in the Cuyahoga County Jail—he was so amiable that one of the detectives got him his favorite cigars.

"Just a day or two before the case was to go to court, we got another break. Statler made the mistake of smuggling letters out of the jail, which were mailed to various state and local officials. They were in differ-

ent handwriting styles. He felt that the different styles couldn't implicate him. One letter he wrote to Ohio Governor Frank Lausche said, 'You've got the wrong man.' Another letter said that Statler was the wrong man and the real killer couldn't identify himself because he didn't want to hurt his parents!

"The Cleveland police told me, 'Your testimony is vital; it's what our case depends on'.

"I worked with the note found near the body, the letters mailed to the Cleveland police and the postcards from Canada and California. A box of letters was also found in Statler's Chicago room and these too, were used. One letter contained the phrase, 'my name,' which was on the note near the body, and many letters contained the phrases 'two boys,' or 'two sailors.'

"I was able to make twelve positive comparisons in the letters: the misspelling of the word 'name,' the transpositions of ms and ns and the habit of writing in a characteristic way in the margins of the paper. Also the phrase 'two boys,' which Statler used time after time. I suspected that he had paresis the first time I saw the letters and the notes.

"I took Statler from his cell, next door to the Criminal Courts Building, to the lie-detector room, which had a one-way mirror. Police officials watched as I confronted Statler. I got out the letters, the postcards from Canada and the note which was found near the body. Before I could say anything, Statler blurted, 'Those letters will be a noose around my neck, won't they? Those letters will hang me...'

"That's all he ever said. I

never got a chance to interview him again, but Statler did kill Gloria Ferry. My identification of his handwriting on the note placed him with the body...

"Statler had a 10-year-old foster son, who he loved, but who he never legally adopted. Gloria Ferry was to have testified against him in a delinquency case in Juvenile Court in Pennsylvania and Statler was afraid that her testimony would mean that he'd lose custody of his foster son, Tommy. So Statler enticed Gloria Ferry to Cleveland and did her in.

"Statler was sent to the State Hospital for the Criminally Insane, at Lima, Ohio. They examined him there and later told me they found that Statler did have syphilis... paresis... what Al Capone died of. Statler later died of it too. I knew he had it during the trial because his handwriting showed the symptoms associated with paresis. That case was dramatic. He had the early symptoms during the trial. Later on, the folds of your face fall," Tholl gestures toward his jawbone with the edge of his hand, "and after that, a person's walk and carriage fail. The case was heard by three eminent judges in Cleveland and there was no question about Statler's guilt."

The Ferry case showed Joseph Tholl at the peak of his analytical powers. Tholl is completely scientific—he can compete in scope and breadth of knowledge with chemists, detectives, photographers and doctors. Recently, Cleveland's Case-Western Reserve University Press published a book, *The Mind: A Law-Medicine Problem*. Tholl contributed a chapter titled "Competency and Questioned Documents." He was one of the few contributors without an

M.D. degree. Tholl's training in handwriting analysis, forged document examination, photography, medicine, psychology and psychiatry, inks and chemicals, follows no university program. Joseph Tholl is self-educated. He never graduated from college.

Tholl was born in Toledo, and moved to Cleveland in 1926. He intended to study classical music at the Cleveland Institute of Music. He eventually spent five years there, and during the last two years supported himself by working for an older documents examiner.

"Everything I did pushed me deeper and deeper into documents analysis work. There was a fascination, a magic there I never lost. I had always been interested in handwriting analysis, but I never believed that an individual's character can be seen in his handwriting. I will say, however, that many serious people do study that. I do believe that character can be read in an elemental fashion. If someone writes slowly and poorly, that's a negative mark. That may indicate insufficient education or intelligence. If someone writes quickly and illegibly, that's a plus. That indicates the person's brain is always ahead of his writing. That's a good thing. "Tholl can chemically break down and analyze fountain pen ink, which is still used for many legal documents, although most people now sign their signatures with ball points and felt tips, which use a vegetable dye, instead of inks. By chemically analyzing the ink, he was once able to convict a doctor who had altered a document by changing a date. The doctor had back-dated a prescription by changing the date from "a September 29

to a 26, as I recall," Tholl says. "I was able to break down the ink, identify it and determine, — from the chemist who made it, — that the ink was not commercially available until three days after the doctor claimed to have used it. He not only post-dated the document, but used two inks—brand 'A' over brand 'B.' I identified both, my findings confirmed a Treasury Department finding, and the doctor was convicted for fraud. By back-dating a prescription, the doctor tried to prove a patient was in his office, instead of out committing a robbery. My findings helped convict the robber—and his doctor."

After a primary election in Cuyahoga County in the autumn of 1952, a random check showed evidence of voter fraud in the large "bedsheet" ballots. At that time, voters in Ohio elections marked an "X" on their ballots and turned them in. The bedsheet ballots were large, unwieldy and, as was later proved, easily altered.

After the elections, all ballots and supporting ward and precinct material were bailed and loaded onto trucks for sale as scrap. Immediately after the election, scrap paper prices were low, so the ballots were stored. Meanwhile, auditors from Ohio Secretary of State Ted W. Brown's office found evidence of misspelled voter's names on registration books. Checking further, they discovered that some ballots had been "short-pencilled," altered by someone with a hidden pencil or pen, after the voter had returned the ballot to the registration officials.

The Secretary of State's office handed the case over to the Cuyahoga County prosecutor, who detailed an

assistant to help one man—Joseph Tholl—in the investigation. The job sounded like a needle-in-the-haystack proposition: identify and convict an unknown number of fraudulent voters or officials, using 250,000 anonymous paper ballots as evidence.

Tholl trained thirty workers to sift through the mountain of paper and identify possible forged or altered ballots. The team found 100,000 possible alterations. At that point, Tholl examined each ballot himself. He had to establish how the ballot was altered: whether a second person had added an X in a blank space after the original voter had completed his voting, or whether a suspect ballot had been invalidated (by marking, for instance, a fifth "X" when instructions said "Vote For No More Than Four").

Tholl's methods were later described in an article, "The Use of Photography in Detecting and proving Vote Frauds," which appeared in the November, 1953 issue of *Photographic Science and Technique* magazine. Tholl noted, "The illegal votes for candidates neglected by the legal voters were detected where a ballot contained X marks which appeared to have been made by more than one hand. There were actually a few cases where the vote thieves used ink to mark votes for candidates in blank spaces left by the legal voter, who, of course, had used a regulation pencil in voting. In one instance, a number of different ballots were altered with the same red pencil. Occasionally, from one to as many as seventeen candidates were invalidated by the addition of one illegal vote which caused all the legal votes to be thrown out. Many of the fraudulent Xs cancelling out

the legal votes were so unlike the legal voter's marks that the differences could be readily discerned on the ballot itself. The discovery of traces of illegal voting, however, was but a preliminary step toward the tracking down and identification of the 'short pencil' artists."

That last quoted sentence was a masterpiece of understatement. Tholl had to go through each ward, each precinct ballot, separating the fraudulent from the true. He then made photo-enlargements of the fraudulent Xs and faced the problem of discovering whose ballot he was working with.

"We were getting nowhere fast, at that point, when I thought of the solution. It was so simple it was breathtaking," Tholl remembers.

Each ballot was marked at the top with an identifying number. When a voter registered in each ward, he signed the registration books and was given a ballot with that same number. The number was then torn off and the voter took a completely anonymous ballot into the voting booth. The perforated, numbered tops were kept separate. When Tholl had a suspected altered ballot, he matched the perforation to the ballot. When he found a match, he had a name to work with.

"By scanning these names, we discovered a pattern. The problem was this: Cleveland's 11th and 12th precincts were predominantly Italian neighborhoods. There had been an influx of blacks. The Italians held all the cards in these precincts and wanted to keep things that way. So workers were instructed to invalidate ballots Xed for opposition candidates and vote for their own candidates, instead.

"As you can well imagine, this got us into legal

problems. I didn't realize it at the time, but investigation of voters' names by checking their ballot stubs violated the right of privacy that all voters have. The prosecuting attorney checked with the guidelines formulated by Dean Wigmore of the Harvard Law School.

"It was Dean Wigmore's opinion that vote fraud transcended, more or less, the right of privacy, so we went ahead with our methods. We had the suspected voters make X marks, which were enlarged and compared to the fraudulent Xs, and took our results to the prosecuting attorney. We got Grand Jury indictments on twenty-one individuals. We lost the first four cases and you can imagine how disappointed and dejected our team was. We regrouped and decided that we weren't educating the juries well enough in what we had investigated. We prepared extensive charts and visual aids, showing exactly how we knew ballots were invalidated, and we got convictions on the next sixteen cases! They were found guilty . . . guilty . . . guilty . . . they all fell like dominoes . . .

"Only one man was sent to jail. Only one fought the charges. All the rest were permanently barred from ever again holding an official position in an election. I think that eventually most of them even got their election jobs back again . . . One man later told me, 'I had to do what I did. I just had to. I was ordered to. But I couldn't reveal who ordered me to. I had a political job and I had to do it.' But we broke the back of the 11th and 12th precinct frauds and permanently changed the methods by which Cleveland elections are run."

On the afternoon of September 28, 1970, the *Cleveland Press* headlined a threatening-letter case: "Threats to pastor, family seen as work of a sick mind." The article detailed that on the past Monday, September 14, the Reverend Albert Jeandheur had received a death threat, at home, written on the return envelope originally sent by a national magazine. The envelope advertised, "On your way to the corner, walk fast. TIME IS NO LONGER ON YOUR SIDE," urging the return of the magazine's special-low-rate-renewal offer. It was a piece of particularly black humor. Two days later, another letter came, and a third the next day, criticizing the Reverend's sermons. On Friday, the 18th, both the Reverend Jeandheur and his wife received letters. Both were bomb threats. The next day, a letter threatened the life of the Jeandheur children.

The police gave the anonymous letters to Joseph Tholl.

By October 27, Tholl had completed his report and presented it to police officials. When the police first passed the case to Tholl, he received over one dozen letters sent to the Jeandheur family. The letter written on the stationery of a national magazine was described by Tholl as "a large envelope, from a publisher in Boston containing a bug wrapped in toilet paper. Addressed to Mrs. Jeandheur, the name and the address of the sender was crossed out by inking but could be deciphered. The address of the advertiser, a publisher, was 54 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts."

From the contents of several of the letters, Tholl quickly determined that the suspect was probably a member of the Reverend

Jeandheur's congregation, the Church of the Covenant. While Tholl was busy analyzing the characteristics of the letters, the paper and even the toilet tissue used by the anonymous writer, detectives from the Cleveland police force were busy checking with the publisher to determine how many members of the congregation of the Church might have received the magazine renewal offer from Boston. Before Tholl had completed his analysis of the handwriting and paper samples, detectives Jerry Viola and James McHugh determined that two members of the congregation, John F. Twist and Frank Howard, had probably received the magazine offer.

Samples of handwriting, paper and typewritten samples obtained from suspect Twist were negative. He was eliminated as a suspect in the case.

Detectives McHugh and Viola traced Frank Howard and discovered that he was an administrator at the Cleveland State Hospital, a mental hospital. McHugh and Viola obtained samples of typewriters in and near Howard's office and obtained paper samples (including toilet paper) from the hospital. All these were taken to Joseph Tholl's private laboratory at his home in Chagrin Falls, a Cleveland suburb, for analysis. McHugh and Viola also obtained Frank Howard's employment application, which had been typewritten, as had some of the threatening letters.

Tholl later reported to his superiors that "during the course of (my) examination, it was determined, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that an application form for employment filled out by Frank Howard for the Cleveland State Hospital

was typed with the identical typewriter as was used to type the letter dated 9-14-70, addressed to the Reverend Jeandheur. This machine proved to be a Smith-Corona Clipper.

"Microscopic examination of the specimen of toilet paper showed that a piece of toilet paper obtained from Frank Howard's office in the Cleveland State Hospital was the same kind as used to wrap the bug anonymously sent to Mrs. Jeandheur. This paper was made of certain fibers, a characteristic weave, and blue and red specks."

Tholl is often fascinated by the thrill of the chase, and sometimes only vaguely remembers the result. What of the suspect? "Oh, it was ironic that he was an executive in a hospital himself," Tholl says. "He was sent to a hospital and eventually committed for psychiatric care."

Tholl has been cited in the press as "The Sherlock Holmes of Chagrin Falls" a title which he admittedly likes. A recent article in a hometown paper quoted him as saying, "You work and work until this stuff gets into your blood. I now

get five or six forgery cases a day—about 2,000 to 3,000 per year. Some I can solve correctly here in my home, in a few minutes. Many, of course, take longer—considerably longer. It took me five years before I considered myself an expert and another five years until I was really programmed for it."

Now Tholl rarely goes into court on a forgery case well prepared. "I'd like to be," he admits, "but I'm usually called into court cold. I just memorize the material, which I have seen and evaluated previously. I memorize and go. I've been doing it this way for twenty years. Figuring minimally one court case per week, for twenty years—that's a thousand cases. I'm sure I've had well over that many, by now.

"I'll take on defense attorneys intellectually, if they want to try and attack me that way, or I'll take them on as an authority on photography, or thin-layer chromatography, or I'll challenge 'em with logic, if they want to argue that too. I have a pretty good record in court as a breaker of defense attorneys ... "Looking back, I'd say that I've lost probably ten cases in twenty years ... "

Although he seldom admits it, Tholl has been working on documents examination and forgery for so long that he could be an excellent forger himself. Challenged by a visitor to forge a signature, Tholl borrowed the visitor's felt-tipped pen, retreated to his desk, and shortly produced three "free-hand forgeries—not tracings—that could fool your bank teller."

Asked about his own handwriting, Tholl grins, "I've used a typewriter for so long, my own handwriting has disintegrated ...



thing about always being near a phone. I'll go get some money and get a robe on before I freeze," she smiled, dashing up one of the stairways as I gawked from behind and below, almost blurting out a suggestion that if she'd forget the robe, I'd forget the money.

Once out of my jacket and shoes, I discovered the bathroom was larger than the bedroom in my apartment, and much more plushly furnished. I also decided I really had no desire at all to go back out into the storm and try and extricate my car from the Hamiltons' driveway snow drifts.

When I returned to the front hall, my beautiful hostess was just descending the stairs, looking completely awake now and wearing a short, white terry cloth robe, which still left her exposed from her thighs to her bare feet, but now concealed the rest of her petite body. "I splashed some cold water in my face and I'm awake now," she beamed, her emerald eyes sparkling with an

early-morning freshness, as I noticed she also had paused to run a brush through her shoulder-length auburn hair. "Did you call anyone yet?"

"No. I was going to, but I couldn't find a telephone book in the bathroom."

"There should be one there someplace, but I'm certain there's one in the living room," she replied, indicating that I should follow her into a very spacious room with appointments and decorations nearly as tasteful as I imagined those of my guide to be.

"Gorgeous," I said, observing the red baby doll pants poke out from under the robe as she bent over in front of me to take a telephone book from the bottom drawer of an antique, cherry secretary.

"The folks just had this room redecorated last month, but since then, they've hardly been here at all to enjoy it. Here's the phone book," she said proudly, turning toward me with a look which made me wonder

if she hadn't really known all along what I found gorgeous. "Where'd you put the pizza?"

"I guess I left it by the front door on that leather couch where I put my coat. That storm's got me so messed up, I guess I forgot why I even came here. I'll go get it."

"No, you stay and use the phone here," she insisted. "It will probably take a long time for anyone to get all the way out here anyway, if they can get through. I'll go get the pizza and put it in the oven and I demand that you have some too. It's the least I can do. I'll meet you in the kitchen. Go right through the dining room there and you'll find it," she nodded toward the rear of the house.

When I arrived in the kitchen a few minutes later, I found a dinette table already set with two plates and napkins, a bottle of grated red peppers and two glasses of Chianti already poured. "The pizza should be warmed up again in a few minutes," she said matter-of-factly. "Have some Chianti. It should be just right with the pizza. And I imagine you could use something to warm you up and I can use it so I'll be able to go back to sleep."

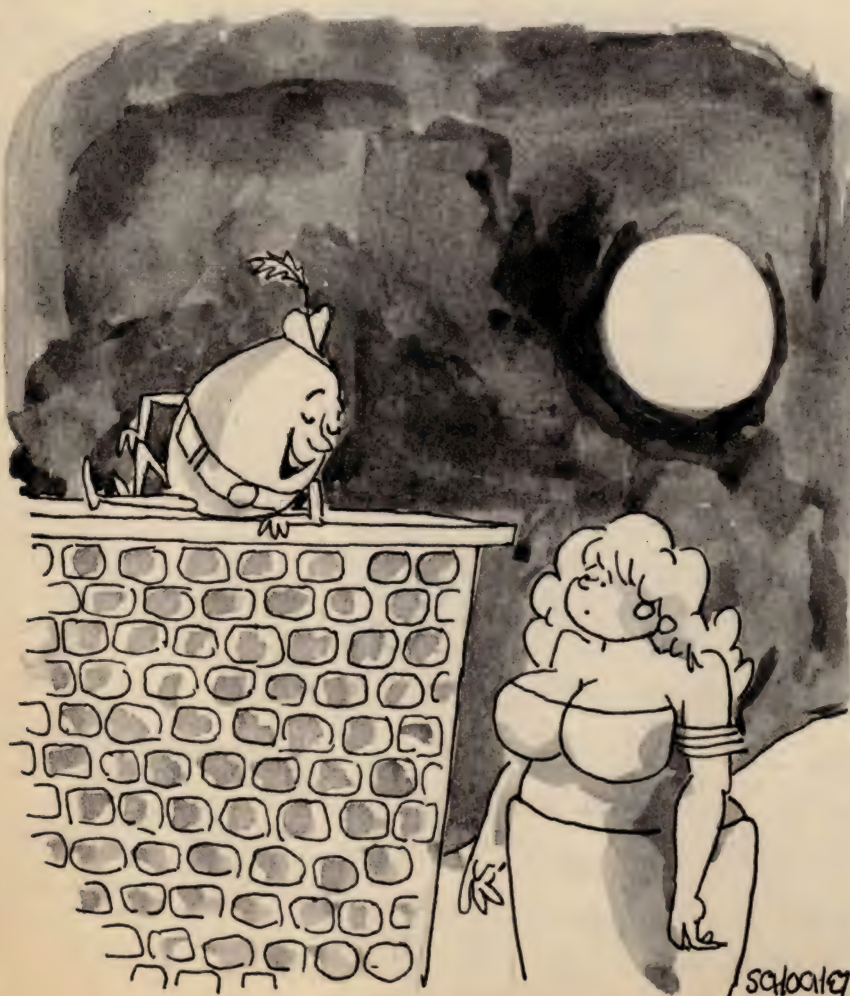
"Fantastic," I replied, picking up one of the glasses and taking a sip. "I called the auto club and the dispatcher says it may be morning before they can haul my car out of here. He said they've got more calls than they can handle and only a couple of tow trucks working tonight. He says all they'll even touch tonight are emergencies where cars are blocking highways and since mine's stuck in a private driveway, I should take a cab home and call them back in the morning."

"That's ridiculous. You belong to something like that just for situations like this and then they put you off that way. In this storm, you'd be frozen solid if you walked down to the road, even if a cab was waiting right there for you. You're just going to have to spend the night," she said determinedly. "We've got nearly a dozen bedrooms in this house and it would be stupid for you to go back out in that storm. I insist."

"I really shouldn't impose on you," I demurred, with absolutely no enthusiasm.

"Impose? I imposed on you by ordering a pizza on a night like this.

(Continued on page 58)



"Looking for a humpy, Dumpy?"



Possibly flat and definitely not stacked is our Sandra. But she's not hung-up about it and you shouldn't be either because experts in such matters claim that the size of a woman's boobs has absolutely zip to do with her sexual qualifications. While the petite woman may be found lacking in back to the breast, mothering characteristics when stacked up against a gal with big jugs, this is of no concern. After all, what is the first thing you're looking for in a new bed mate: mothering instincts or an experienced, active, "let's do it" lover? Well, we're betting that your looking for the latter and have no reservations about showing you Sandra who is more woman than

Chesty Morgan and Linda Lovelace rolled into one. Now, you might find that hard to swallow but you'll just have to take our word for it because it's the truth. Sandra chalks it all up to sensitivity. "Some girls," she says, "are born with more sensuality, a higher degree of sensitivity, than others, but any lack in natural endowments can be made up through lots of practice." She also places stock in the importance of expressing oneself. "As long as you're afraid to let go completely in bed, you'll never achieve the ultimate height in sensitivity." Sandra says that any chick can become a memorable engagement. In other words: it's *not* what's up front...

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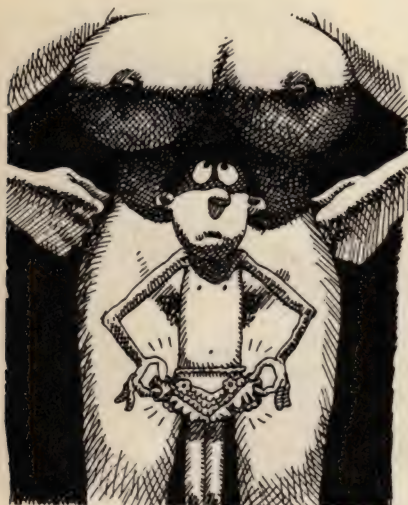






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A PIZZA PIECE

Continued from page 52

You're staying. That's all there is to it," she repeated, picking up her glass and taking a large gulp. "Say, this wine's not bad. Have some more," she urged, noting my glass was nearly drained although the pizza still hadn't been removed from the oven.

"On a night like this, I guess a little fortification doesn't hurt at all," I replied, not realizing until after, how suggestive the remark was.

While we finished the pizza and had several glasses of wine, I learned my hostess's name was Angela, that she was in her senior year at a private, Ivy League University, was majoring in anthropology, and had been home for the holidays for only two days. She also knew almost no one in town because her parents had moved to the big house less than a year before when her father's firm transferred him to take over management of one of their largest plants. Her father would return home at the end of the week, stay until the following Tuesday and then they would fly together in a corporate jet to Florida, where her mother had already gone ahead to open up their home there for the holidays.

"I know it probably sounds horrible, but Daddy just makes tons and tons of money. He pays my tuition and rent at school but I pay for everything else from a waitress job I have at a pizza place near campus. I'm really in the same boat as most of my friends, broke most of the time and scrimping all the time just to get enough money for books. I guess that's why I ordered the pizza tonight. I'm really lonely and pizza's the first thing I thought of that reminds me of school. Kinda like a crazy security blanket, I guess, but being all alone in this big mausoleum can be a drag. I'm really glad you've got to stay."

"Had I known you were in the same business maybe I could have arranged a discount, like doctors and dentists do — that professional courtesy system they use."

"You should have. That's really lousy pizza you brought. You ought to visit the place where I work. I thought ours tasted like rubber, but compared with yours, it's fantastic.

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"This place is like one great big adult playground. I could spend days here just pushing the buttons on that audio outfit," I marveled, noting with pleasure that she was continuing to hold my hand as she conducted the grand tour, next leading me back to the front foyer and up one of the long staircases to the second floor.

"This one's a guest room with a really fantastic waterbed," Angela pointed as we walked hand in hand down the hallway. "And this one across from it is a guest room with a king-size mattress. And this one is my brother's, who's a freshman in college, and there are a couple more guest rooms down there and other rooms we really don't know what to do with, and the master bedroom is at the end of the hall and this one right here is mine," she continued, stepping into the room lightly and turning on the light. "You've got your choice. Which one do you want?"

"Gee, I really kind of like this one we're standing in," I grinned, taking her other hand and pulling her close to me.

"I was kind of hoping you'd say that," she smiled back, pressing against me as our lips gently met, then locked in a deliriously joyful kiss while our hands and arms wrapped around each other and we clung together as if both desperately in need of one another.

"You're really fantastic," I whispered, finally breaking free from her eager mouth as I pulled at the end of the loosely-fixed belt on her short robe, removing the robe and pulling her back hard against me. Only my clothes and her filmy red baby doll now separated us.

"My turn," she purred, loosening my belt and unzipping my jeans, then pulling them down and putting her hands on the hard evidence of how much I also wanted her. "Hmmm, that feels good," she said, running her hands up under my shirt

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and lightly stroking my chest and nipples as I ran my hands under her pajamas and did the same to her, then lifting the pajama top over her head and putting my hand inside her only remaining garment to tickle her fancy as best I could. After unbuttoning my shirt and removing it and my undershirt together, I was left standing completely naked except for my socks and jeans and undershorts encircling my ankles as she pressed against me clad only in her brief baby doll pants.

"You're really fantastic," I said urgently again, pulling the pants down around her knees and attempting to impose myself upon her while we stood there, almost causing both of us to fall as we stumbled on our drawers still wrapped around our lower extremities.

"We'd better use a bed before we kill ourselves," Angela laughed, "and anyway, you're repeating yourself."

"What do you mean?" I asked as I stepped out of my pants and she stepped from hers and both of us moved instantly to the bed in her room, locking our bodies there even tighter than before.

"You already said I was fantastic once," she teased, our bodies then rocking together in a prolonged engagement until both of us finally relaxed our grips and sighed with satisfaction, rolling over on our sides, still clasped together and remaining in that position for a long time while we talked in whispers, eventually agreeing to try a repeat performance on the guest room waterbed and then the king-size mattress and possibly see how many rooms and beds we could test during one night.

It went that way for most of the next three days as I called in sick and Angela and I remained together until just before her father was expected home. We played billiards, fooled with the electronic gear, raided her folks' freezer, talked about school and people and places and pizzas and explored every room in the enormous house, particularly the bedrooms.

With most of the snow melted by the time I was ready to leave, there was no trouble getting my car moving, although as I pulled out of the Hamilton driveway, I did promise myself that in the future, I'd always be willing to make deliveries during storms, and just in case of real trouble, might even join the auto club. □

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THE RAPISTS

Continued from page 40

skidded, spinning wildly across the pavement, dragging its rider with it.

A dry stream bed running under the road loomed from the shadows ahead as the other biker was forced onto the shoulder. Running off the road, he avoided the guardrail only to plunge into the steep ditch. Shooting across it like a projectile, he slammed head on into the far side. A burst of orange flame flashed across the dark desert.

The gang clustered around the Transtar again, but kept their distance. Then Decker saw their next trick. A Harley with two riders pulled beside him. The one behind the driver eyed the truck for a handhold. A plan formed in Decker's mind. He accelerated steadily, watching for the passenger to try to jump the gap. Fear was written on the biker's face as he hesitated. With a wild shout, all but lost in the roar of the engines, he lunged for the truck, trying to grab hold of the door handle and get his foot on the step. Just as he committed himself to the leap, Decker's foot came down heavily on the brake. The biker missed his handhold and plunged to the pavement.

As Decker began picking up speed again, Andria screamed. Looking toward her, he saw an ugly, bearded face framed in filthy, tangled black hair staring through the opened window. Before he could act, Andria had braced her body against Jim's, and, pushing with both feet, forced the door open. Dangling from the open door, the hood wrapped his hand around the frame to hang on. The wind, howling against the speeding truck, slammed the door forcefully, smashing the biker's hand. Screaming, he too fell to his death.

Their leader shouted to the riders; then the air was shattered as they gunned their engines and sped into the night. As they disappeared beyond the reach of Jim's high beams, Andria turned to him.

"Do you think they've given up?" Jim grimaced. "Well, four of them have."

The rest wouldn't — he knew the look they wore. It was the same look the Chinese had that night in Korea, those same burning eyes and slack jaws. Those Reds just kept coming like mad dogs, kept coming over

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their own dead. No, they hadn't given up.

"There they are!" cried Andria, pointing to the right side of the road. They had parked their bikes on the shoulder and were standing beside them, each with a large rock poised above his head.

"Get down, honey, this might be a rough ride," he warned, leaving the road and aiming his truck straight at them. The bikers, seeing themselves and their bikes directly in the path of the truck, scrambled for their lives. Dropping the stones, they pushed their bikes to safety. But one stood his ground. Glaring wildly, he heaved the boulder directly at the windshield. There was no time to react. The stone smashed through the windshield as the body thudded against the grill. The inside of the cab was sprayed with safety glass, but the rock crashed harmlessly over Andria's head into the bunk behind.

"Well, you can get up now," said Decker, breathing a long sigh of relief. "Another one's given up."

The array of headlights soon showed up in his rear view mirror again, rapidly approaching. But this time they just hurtled past him, disappearing again into the darkness ahead.

Decker reached for the mike to his citizen's band radio. Shouting over the road of the wind rushing through the smashed windshield, he managed to raise the state police.

"I've got some crazy bikers after me," he explained when he got the dispatcher. "They've been attacking my rig for about half-an-hour now. I left a few of them dead, but they keep on coming, over."

"What is your location, over?"

"I'm heading west on Route 60 about forty miles east of the I-10 junction, over."

"Hold on . . . okay, I've dispatched a unit to assist you, over."

"How soon can it get here, over?"

"It should be there within forty minutes, over."

"Thank you; over and out." Jim whistled softly. Forty minutes could be a long time. Just then the set crackled again.

"Would those bikers be the 'Wolves,' over?" This transmission was stronger than the police's.

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bastards have been making a lot of trouble around here, but 'Smoky' hasn't been able to pin them down, over."

"Well, 'Smoky' is going to take forty minutes to get here, and I have a feeling I'll be needing help before then, over."

"Hey, no sweat! We'll have a damn fleet there in twenty minutes to do some stomping; over and out."

There was no sign of the "Wolves" now, but Jim watched and waited tensely. He looked over at Andria who was frightened and weary. She sat mute, the cold wind blasting in her face, tearing at her hair.

"Why don't you come over here and get out of some of that wind?" She slid over and laid her head against his strong shoulder. He put his arm around her and held her close. "It's all right. See? It's starting to get light. Most varmints hide when the sun comes out." Clinging to him for security, she whimpered quietly.

She had cried herself to sleep against him by the time he saw a cluster of dark silhouettes in the greying dawn. All but one were on their cycles, grouped well away from the road. The one stood motionless on the shoulder. As Jim approached, he could see a big dark splotch covering the pavement. Just before he reached the splotch, the biker standing on the shoulder flicked a match onto the darkened area, and it burst into a wall of fire across the road.

Decker swerved off the road, across the shoulder, and through the ditch. He tried to make an arc to the other side of the flaming pavement. Suddenly, a boulder loomed out of the brush. He turned sharply to avoid it, and the truck jackknifed, skidding to a halt.

Thinking quickly, he grabbed Andria, flung the door open and, holding her, leaped from the cab. He ran, pushing her in front of him, to the back of the trailer as the bikers closed on them. Opening the trailer, he flung her in and climbed in after her.

"Get your car started!" he shouted, shutting the doors. She ran to it and began fumbling with the keys while Decker picked up a crowbar and prepared to defend the door. The roar of the cycles came right up to the trailer and died away as the bikers shut off their engines. There was a moment of terrible silence.

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"Yeah," said another, "we got him trapped like a rat in a hole!"

"And don't you worry, babe," the first voice said. "We'll get to you proper after we take care of that cowboy!" A round of laughter followed.

Decker heard the T-bird's engine roar into life. "Go!" he shouted.

As she peeled out, he flung the doors open and leaped into the passenger's seat. The convertible arced through the air, landing on a biker who was ready to open the trailer. Before the cyclers could start their engines, the car was back on the highway, past the now dying fire.

But soon the bikers had recovered from their surprise and were gaining on them. Seeing that they were riding two to a cycle, Jim knew what they intended. Still gripping the crowbar, he climbed into the back seat and stood facing the rear. "Yeah, well I just hope those son-of-a-bitches try to come in here," he muttered.

There were seventeen bikers now, sixteen doubled up on eight cycles and one riding alone. Two of the cycles pulled up on the left. Andria swung the car toward them, trying to force them to keep their distance, but they dodged her maneuvers. She had now moved into the center of the road, allowing two more cycles to pull up on the right. At once, the passengers on the four cycles jumped onto the convertible.

Decker booted one savagely in the chest before he could scramble to his feet. Pivoting, he caught another across the skull with the crowbar. A third was swinging a heavy chain at him as he turned. Jim blocked with the crowbar, but felt searing pain as another chain struck him from

behind, wrapping around his chest. Jim spun around and drove his fist like a piston into his assailant's stomach. By now, though, the car was covered with attackers and Decker was knocked to the floor. Still striking back with his bare fists against the savage chains, he heard Andria screaming as the car bucked and skidded to a halt.

Suddenly, a screeching whistle rent the air. Decker lay dazed as his attackers scrambled wildly from the car. Raising himself painfully on one elbow, Jim saw a long line of mighty diesel rigs hurtling down the highway!

Getting to his feet again, Decker jumped to the ground. The same biker he had booted in the ass at Mae's Cafe was climbing onto his cycle. Jim seized him by the belt and collar, and jerked him over his head. The other punk from the cafe had just cranked his engine to life and was about to pop the throttle. Jim heaved the hood he was holding into the would-be escapee with perfect aim. The two thugs smashed together, tumbling onto the ground as the cycle roared out from under them and flipped over backward.

The lead truck swung around the car. It sideswiped the cycles trying to get away, knocking them to the pavement. The other trucks were now stopping and their drivers hopping down from the cabs. A few of the bikers tried to put up a fight, but were promptly flattened.

A short, pudgy man came up to Decker. "You okay?" he asked.

"Yeah," replied Jim, "but my truck jackknifed about a mile back."

"Hey, don't worry. We'll take care of it," offered the man.

"Thanks," returned Jim. "Let's see about Andria." He walked over to her car where she was leaning against the steering wheel. "Are you hurt?"

"No, I'm all right. But a girl sure can get in trouble riding with you," she smiled wearily.

Decker grinned. "I do my best, Ma'am." He looked off into the distance where a state police cruiser was speeding down the road, siren wailing. "Well" he sighed, "'Smoky' finally made it."

He turned to Andria again. "It's been a long night. What do you say we get a couple of rooms at the nearest motel?"

She gave him a frolicsome smile. "Oh, one room should be enough." □

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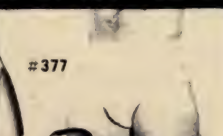
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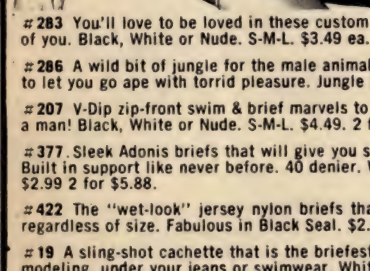
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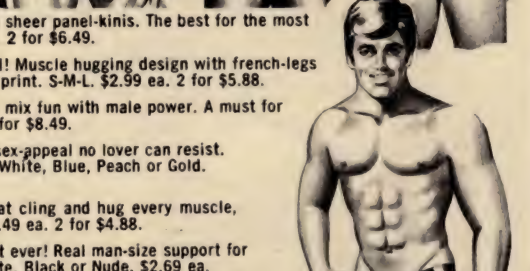
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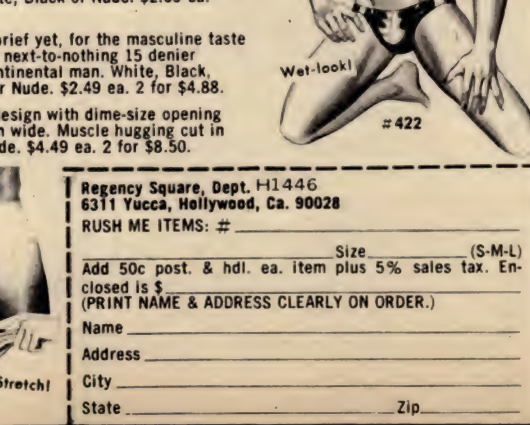
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TOPLESS DANCING

Continued from page 30

the customer's beer bottles, cigarettes, and even a pipe. This gimmick has the added advantage of usually being followed by a dollar bill from each customer who gets his whim satisfied. It also carries with it the worry of a quick bust if a plain-clothes cop is in the audience, since this is a no-no in virtually every bar.

One gal that I know livens up her act with tattoos. She prints a risqué saying on flesh-colored adhesive and then sticks it to the inside of her thigh or on her buttock cheek. Since only the customers up front can read it and even then only at certain key times, it causes a lot of chatter in the bar from the men in back who want to know what it says.

And then there are the acrobats. I personally don't think there's really anything sexy about seeing a naked gal dancing around and then suddenly going into a headstand and spreading her legs wide open. But evidently a lot of men do. To do this, you've got to be in great condition and you have to cut down on the drinks during your breaks. Sally, a gal who works the Long Island bars, has this thing where she does a complete somersault and ends up spread-eagled on the bar with her feet just inches from the customer's glass. Every once in a while she misses, but I guess the guys don't mind when you weigh this against the sight of a nude midsection heading right at you. Sally also has a bit where she sticks two saliva-moistened matches on her nipples and then while lying on her back, lights them. She blows them out when you just about think she's waited too long. As I said, you've got to be sober to do this act.

One night I got a call asking if I'd fill in for a gal working a stag dinner which was sponsored by one of the really big fraternal organizations. I was assured that I'd be one of five girls and all I had to do was a twenty minute strip. The combination of good pay and the fact that I was curious to see what went on at a stag, made me agree to do it.

What a difference from the bars. All the men were in expensive suits, the place was a plush catering hall rented for the night, and the dinner they gave me was delicious. Later in

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the evening they cleared a circle between the tables and this other gal and myself were introduced. Considering the situation, it all went pretty well. Three or four times I was pulled on to the laps of ringsiders and their hands went all over me, but I looked at it as good-natured fun.

Then the other three girls came out. I guess most of the men had been to these stags before and knew what these girls were out there for, because the whole mood of the place changed. Suddenly everyone was standing and smoke from freshly lit cigarettes hung heavy over the hall. The band that had played for my number went silent, but the shouts and obscene remarks of the men more than replaced it. In a flash the three girls were naked. Not hesitating a second, they went into the crowd, grabbed a willing partner from the horde of eager volunteers, and returned to the brightly lit circle. There, each helped undress her man, placed him on his back on the carpeted floor, and before the delirious eyes of the other 200 celebrants, proceeded to give the most inspired blow jobs I've ever seen. The place went wild. One enterprising fellow, obviously caught up in the spirit of orgy, stood amongst the writhing sextet and in the fashion of a horse race announcer, gave a running account of the events. Eventually he gave a cigar to the victorious girl who rose rather absentmindedly from her still prone partner, while drying herself from an assortment of perspiration and other fluids. A voice over the loudspeaker announced that the evening was over, but you don't just calm down 200 turned-on guys that easily. The owner of the hall, in a stroke of sheer genius, hit on a remedy. As I walked out, I was curious of the line of twenty to thirty men outside the ladies' room. It seemed that our three uninhibited girls had not had enough. The line was for a renewal of their specialty, at ten dollars a head.

Well, that's about it for my reminiscences. You certainly can't say it's been a dull three years. I don't know how long I'll keep dancing, but the thought of working in a dingy office doesn't look too appealing right now. Meanwhile, I'll still be working the New York area, so maybe we'll get the chance to share a laugh over your next Scotch or beer. Here's looking at you!

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SURVEILLANCE

Continued from page 12

changed receivers. The bedroom was lit by a shaft of light from the half-open bathroom door. It fell across the bed and illuminated Mary's sleeping face.

Tom moved the projection closer. Mary was beautiful, almost angelic in repose. She was breathing softly, lips slightly open.

Tom was suddenly filled with desire. He wanted fervently to kiss those lips. He could hardly wait to get home. His watch said his shift would be over in fifteen minutes.

Then she stirred. She raised a bare arm over her head and opened her eyes. She turned to the dark form beside her and said, "Donnie, dear, it's time for you to go. Tom will be coming home soon."

Tom slapped the "Image Blank" button. He jumped up from the console. If I hurry, I can catch the son-of-a-bitch. He knew who Donnie was. Donnie was his next-door neighbor.

He grabbed his coat from the back of the chair and lurched out of the room.

Halfway down the hall a voice said, "Oh, Tom, could I talk with you for a moment?"

Tom spun.

The branch supervisor, Mr. Blynn, leaned out of an office door.

Tom made a few hesitant steps toward him. "Uh, Mr. Blynn, I was just leaving. There is sort of an emergency at home."

"I will just take a minute of your time, Tom. It is rather important. Please come here to my office." The tone admitted no compromise.

Tom was surprised to see a RHIP console against one wall of Blynn's office. The curtains that normally concealed it were drawn back.

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Tom nodded.

"Now," Blynn continued, "in order to insure that our people who work in Surveillance maintain the highest standards of integrity, we conduct a program of monitoring, whereby we make occasional checks of their work — just as any good supervisor observes his employees once in a while." He made a quarter turn and input a number to the RHIP console. The room Tom had just vacated came on the screen.

Tom's bones liquefied.

"Tom," Blynn said, "we have high hopes for you. But, I must say, your performance tonight was rather disgraceful. This marvelous invention which our research laboratories have labored for years to develop must not be perverted for cheap, personal objectives. Am I quite clear?"

"Yes, sir," Tom mumbled.

"All right. Now, in view of your past record I am not going to recommend disciplinary action against you at this time. We of the telephone company are basically decent human beings. And we recognize that no one is perfect. But, I don't think I have to emphasize that this sort of thing must never happen again. Any deviation from your station list, any recurrence of unauthorized surveillance, will result in the strongest prejudicial measures. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. All right, you may go."

Blynn locked the door behind Tom. He went to the telephone on his desk. He carefully unscrewed the mouthpiece and slipped it in his pocket. He returned to the RHIP console. He consulted a note pad, then tapped out a number.

Valerie and Charlie were entwined on the bed, obviously preparing for a second act. Blynn folded his hands behind his head and leaned back, smiling.

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By Louis Kennelworth

Attorney at Law

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My name is Louis Kennelworth, and I'm a lawyer. If what I'm about to tell you were not 100% true, I'd get disbarred and probably thrown into jail. So obviously every word, every piece of advice I have put into print is absolutely true and completely legal.

In these hard times of inflation, we need all the help we can get.

The bank presidents will hate me for this. But I'm going to lay it right on the line. Whatever amount of money (\$10. a week or \$1,000 a week) you put into your savings account I can show you how to double, triple, even **quadruple** what it would ordinarily earn in interest. (All without risking a single penny.)

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★ **Amazing fact: You can earn 6¼ % interest on an ordinary passbook savings account.**

★ **Amazing fact: You can actually use your credit cards to make extra money.**

★ **Amazing fact: Your dollars can be earning interest on weekends... after you've already withdrawn them.**

How on Earth are these things possible? Simply by following the easy-to-understand plan I've outlined in what I believe is one of the most informative, useful money-making books ever published.

This is the book that tells it all. All the important proven financial secrets you need to stay ahead of inflation. Many of these secrets are so fantastic you won't believe they're possible until you put them into practice.

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Powerful interests would love to "Coverup" this information.

Obviously this is a book the banks would love to prohibit. Many powerful interests would love to suppress and "coverup" this information if they could. But fortunately it's still a free country. And if there's a way you can fight inflation with much bigger returns on your savings, you're entitled to know about it.

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